

The Nation.

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The Week.

It is not yet possible to state how the next Congress will stand, but it is certain that the Republicans have lost heavily at the polls in the choice of Representatives, and the indications are that the so-called Democrats of various brands, the Populists, and the odds and ends, will together outnumber the Administration party. Whether or not the Republicans prove in the end to have a bare majority in the House, the Senate will be Republican by a safe majority after the 4th of March next, so that no opposition measure can carry. The Democratic members in New York, and in the East generally, however, are not silver men. Although some of them refused to be interrogated on this question, they are at heart in favor of sound money. They know that if they should lend themselves to any scheme for a depreciated currency, they would be cast out at the next election. Moreover, the gains made by the Republicans in Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, and California are exceedingly cheering to the friends of sound money. They add remarkable force to the other indications that have been observed since Congress adjourned and the war has come to a close, that the silver craze is on the wane in those parts of the country where it took its rise, and where it has hitherto been strongest. We can scarcely believe the report that Congressman Bland has been defeated for reelection in Missouri, but the heavy reduction of his majority, which was nearly 6,000 in 1896, is an event full of promise. There is a fair chance that Champ Clark, a greater blatherskite than Bland, is defeated in Missouri. Enough is known to show that the trans-Missouri States are no longer solid for silver, while the Pacific States now show a handsome majority for sound money.

If the people of New York had meant to give the smallest endorsement to the war, the one hero, Col. Roosevelt, would have carried the State by at least as many votes as defeated Maynard, namely, 100,000. His little majority has saved us from a great calamity. The brief statement which Col. Roosevelt gave out on Tuesday evening, after his election was assured, shows that he has the true conception of the influences which carried him to success. He was elected, not on national issues; but on State issues, and he owes his success to the support of independents and Democrats, who, as he says, "put the welfare of the State first."

There is no "expansion," or "empire," or "Jingoism" in his victory. He has been chosen by the people of the State because they have faith in his personal character and courage, and believe that he will keep his promises to administer the government of the State in the interest of the whole people. Nothing is more reassuring, or more commendable, in his post-election statement than this declaration: "I am a good Republican, and I believe I can best serve the Republican party by doing everything I can to help it serve the State."

Quay's victory in Pennsylvania is the worst result of Tuesday's elections. It shows him again the shrewdest political manager in the country. There was a majority of voters against him last summer; he knew it as well as anybody else. It was essential to his success that this majority should be divided. A Democratic candidate for Governor who would have solidified the opposition to Quay was the peril of the situation. Quay surmounted this obstacle by using his influence with the Democratic machine to prevent the nomination of the man who would have attracted independent support, and to force the choice of a candidate who would repel it. The heart was thus taken out of the fight against the boss. Anti-Quay men divided their votes between the Democratic nominee and Dr. Swallow, and the Quay candidate for Governor won. It is the greatest victory in Quay's career, for not only has he got a Legislature which will return him to the Senate and do his will in all other things, but he has also realized his long-cherished ambition to "have a Governor whom I own." Pennsylvania thus touches the lowest depth of political degradation ever reached by a State in the Union.

Next to the result in Pennsylvania the most deplorable is the success of Tanner in Illinois. He was not running for reelection, but the Republican State ticket for minor officials and the Republican canvass for the Legislature represented Tannerism, and the result is a victory for Tannerism, even though the Republican majorities are reduced. Tanner "stood by his guns" as a nullifier of the Federal Constitution to the end. In the last speech of the campaign, delivered at the State capital, he defended his course in driving black citizens of Alabama out of Illinois for the crime of coming there to work, and declared that he would treat any other body of American citizens from any other State of the Union who should come for the same purpose, in the same way. Tanner is therefore entitled to hold to-day that his rebellion against the federal Govern-

ment has been approved by the people of his State, as it has been condoned by the President of the United States.

Nothing is doing more to sober the public mind and arrest the craze for empire which the speculators have been cultivating than the reflection that an imperial policy means a large standing army—"hundreds of thousands in number," Senator Hoar estimates—and the conviction that either compulsory military service or a vast increase in the running cost of our military establishment will be necessary to secure and maintain such an army. We pointed out some weeks ago that, although Congress last spring authorized an increase in the regular force to 61,000 men, the total number secured did not come within 10,000 of that limit, and that the inevitable effect of the revelations as to the way our troops had been treated, not only abroad, but at home—forty-two deaths, for example, in a Maine regiment, which was in the service less than four months, chiefly at Chickamauga—must discourage enlistments. This has happened, the number of new men having fallen from 6,586 in July to 2,838 in the last full month reported; while the applications for discharge are numerous, ninety having been granted in one day recently. This means, as Mr. Carnegie says, that Congress "must raise the pay of regular troops, for men will not enlist as before when they know the miserable task for which they are sought and that they will be sent beyond our shores." This fact has already been admitted by Gen. Greeley, who states that "enlistments are rapidly falling off, and something will have to be done to check it," specifying that "we shall have to do one of two things, either, increase the pay of privates, or lower the standard, both as to physical, mental, and moral attainments." In other words, if we take the Philippines, we must not only keep a great body of troops there, constantly recruited to make up for the losses by disease, but we must tax our people an immense sum to pay these troops the \$25 or \$30 or \$40 a month (instead of \$13) which they will demand for risking their lives in that part of the world.

Senator Hoar is, by nature and lifelong habit, the most bitter of partisans, as loath to criticise a Republican President as to admit that there could be virtue in a Democrat, and yet he does not hesitate to declare that the policy which Mr. McKinley is seeking to impose upon the nation, involves "a greater danger than we have encountered since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth—the danger that we are to be trans-

formed from a republic, founded on the Declaration of Independence, guided by the counsels of Washington, into a vulgar, commonplace empire, founded upon physical force." Senator Hoar reminds the public of a fact which most people seem to overlook when they talk about "our new possessions," that "there is no authority under the Constitution of the United States to acquire any foreign territory save by a treaty approved by the Senate by a two-thirds vote, or by an act of legislation in which the President, the House of Representatives, and the Senate must unite"; and he makes it clear that the acquisition of the Philippines will not be carried through without the most earnest protest from those who still believe in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

It is impossible to deny a certain force to the arguments of those who say that having, without the slightest necessity, destroyed or greatly weakened the power of Spain in the Philippines, we are under a moral obligation to supply something to take the place of the government we have virtually overthrown. This is the best excuse put forward for annexation, but a sufficient answer to it is the effect of annexation on our own polity and political manners. The safety, honor, and welfare of the people of the United States are, for an American legislator, the first consideration; every other is comparatively insignificant. But Senator Hoar suggests a plan for fulfilling this obligation which will enable us to discharge our whole duty towards the Philippines without any damage to ourselves; nay, with much glory to ourselves, and we need a little glory just now, for the Peace Commissioners have been diffusing through Europe the notion that we are essentially a nation of "drummers," whose chief aim in negotiation is to drive a hard bargain. That plan is to call other "civilized and Christian nations into our counsel and invite their coöperation" in setting the Philippines on their feet, "and supporting them in the exercise of self-government." "We will not treat them as booty, and we will not govern them as serfs," he says. Doubtless, there are instances on the other side, such as the interference of the Russians in Hungary in 1849, and that of the French in Rome the same year; but there are three capital precedents for Senator Hoar's plan in the deliverance of Greece from the Turks by the Allies in 1827, the deliverance of Bosnia from the Turks in 1878, and the deliverance of Syria from disorder by the French in 1860, with the joint consent of England and Russia. France made peace in a month. The Powers then agreed on a Christian Governor, an Armenian, who was given full power, with the aid of a small council, and the different races have ever since, for thirty

years, lived together in comparative peace and amity.

All accounts, even those from American correspondents in Paris, agree that the Spanish Commissioners have displayed a high order of ability. In debating power and dialectic resource, as well as in legal equipment, they are said to have shown themselves the superiors of the Americans. But what does it all amount to? The Spanish have always been forensic sons of thunder. Somebody told Lord Melbourne, when he was Prime Minister, that the Spaniards spoke marvelously well in the Cortes. "That is one of the worst things I know about them," remarked he. Ability to argue victoriously on given premises is not so fruitful an intellectual power as ability to get the premises right to start with. The Spanish at Paris seem to have gone hopelessly wrong in supposing that our Commissioners were there to discuss instead of dictating terms. Cut off from anything but an ineffective moral sympathy from Europe, Spain has no alternative but to submit to whatever demands our Government makes. This she appears to be slowly realizing. We note that German newspapers gravely advise our Commissioners to be content with the territorial cession of Porto Rico, and not to ask an indemnity, or the Philippines in lieu thereof.

A memorial addressed to the President of the United States was laid before the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday, by Charles Henry Butler and others, urging the call of an international conference to consider the question of making private property on the sea free from capture during war. This ought to be one of the burning questions of the day. Nothing in the course of the late war with Spain was more humiliating or more distasteful to all right-thinking persons than the capture of private merchant ships bearing the errands of peaceful commerce—ships whose captains and crews were not even aware of the existence of war—and their practical incarceration for months, while waiting for the action of a prize court. Granted that these proceedings were justified under the present state of international law, the fact remains that the law is barbarous. It is only less so than the law, once universal, that all captives in war could be sold into slavery, as they generally were. The capture of private property on land during war is now forbidden. Such seizure cannot always be prevented, but it falls under the denomination of robbery and is liable to punishment as such. In a moral point of view there is no difference between property afloat and property ashore. It is to be hoped that when the bellicose nations of the world, including the United States of America, become quiet, and send their delegates

to the Czar's disarmament congress, this will be one of the subjects brought before it, and certainly we might properly charge ourselves with that mission, seeing that the exemption of private property from capture by sea has been one of our contentions from the beginning of our history as a nation.

It is with a keen sense of loss, both public and private, that we record the death of David Ames Wells. That he was the victim of an incurable disease had been known to himself and his friends for fully fifteen years. It speaks volumes for his equanimity and buoyancy of spirits that he never betrayed the slightest uneasiness on that subject, and never allowed it to interfere with the rational enjoyment of life or with the work which he felt moved to do. His medical adviser was the late Dr. Fordyce Barker, who was also his close connection by marriage, and knew him to be "charged with the demon of industry." At the time when Mr. Wells was writing his work entitled 'Recent Economic Changes,' Dr. Barker sought to lay commands upon him to cease work, or at all events to do less of it. Mr. Wells said then that he preferred death to idleness, that he must follow the mental impulses within him, whatever the consequences might be. Nevertheless he passed the age of seventy, and had a happy as well as a useful life, and earned the garland of good service to his country and to mankind earnestly and unselfishly performed. The leading events of Mr. Wells's career and a list of his contributions to political science are given on another page.

Lord Rosebery's resumption of the leadership of the Liberal party in England seems now to be generally acknowledged, and it is also generally acknowledged that his consistent "record" as an Imperialist is what has done most to restore him to his old position. Yet he is not for unlimited imperialism. His imperialistic exhortations are as often warnings of the dangers of the policy as praises of its glory. He said very justly the other day that "land hunger is apt to become land fever, is apt to breed land indigestion." The stoutest national stomach cannot go on for ever ingesting strange tropical foods in the shape of distant islands and spheres of influence without finding that digestive power has its limits. A "sphere of influence" may turn out to be a region which influences you (and badly) more than you influence it. Yet we believe it is true that the parts of our country where the land hunger rages most violently are the parts where the amount of unoccupied land is greatest. It is not the crowded East which tells Mr. McKinley that he must take the Philippines in order to give us room and verge enough, but the sparsely settled West.

Perhaps they think out there that their experience in having more land than they know what to do with precisely, fits them for annexing still more.

Lord Rosebery made an address before the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University the other evening, in which he put in a very effective way the appeal which the Empire, and the ideas which in Great Britain go with it, make to educated young men. As government becomes more complex and far-reaching, it calls more imperatively for trained and intelligent servants. The English Civil Service, which Lord Rosebery said was the admiration of all foreigners who saw it—and even more, he added, the admiration of Ministers who witnessed its workings from the inside—was one standing invitation and opportunity to young men asking, "What can I do to serve my country?" Never before was there such a demand in the British Empire for young men of skill and training to mould that Empire into shape, and the Civil Service guaranteed to every man entering it an opportunity commensurate with his ability. It was for university men, Lord Rosebery said, to hold to the ideal of the Empire, not simply "as a means of painting so much of the world red, or as an emporium for trade," but as "the noblest example yet known to mankind of a free, adaptable, just government."

There is very little doubt that the thing against which England is now preparing her armaments is an alliance, of more or less closeness, with the dear old Sultan through which France and Germany are to bring up the whole Egyptian question, and call England to account for being so prosperous, peaceful, and useful to civilization. There seems every likelihood that this is the trouble that is still hanging over European diplomacy, and that leaves some questions between England and France still unsettled. England cannot be permitted to go on any longer "grabbing" territory and establishing colonies. What is carrying England along, as we have more than once pointed out, is her institutions, not her fleet or her arrogance or her mean tricks. She is great and powerful and a successful grabber and ruler, because she is free and well administered, because her laws are executed, because her justice is well administered, because her offices are filled by competent men, because an Englishman may speak the thing he wills, because there is no *lèse-majesté* in England, because no man can strut about the country and give himself airs, the law being the only ruler. These are the things which make a nation great, not fleets or armies or Rough Riders or flags or noisy "patriotism."

The island of Cyprus is just now an

object-lesson of the kind of government England can give. It has been for twenty years an English possession. An American observer; Dr. George E. Post of the college at Beirut, who knew Cyprus well under Turkish rule, has lately been writing in enthusiastic terms of the astounding transformation wrought by English occupation. The government has but a small personnel—only about a hundred officials all told—but it has simply revolutionized the island for the better. Taxation has been lightened and made a fixed and rational system, instead of a means of rapacious extortion, agriculture has been improved, and trading put on a surer basis, while a complete system of public schools is in operation. Dr. Post saw on all sides, in a recent visit, contentment and prosperity where thirty years ago only terror and wretchedness were visible. No wonder that every oppressed people in the world, dimly awakening to the possibility of better government, prays for English intervention and English rule. If our island possessions are to become anything but dens of corruption, their government must be undertaken, as Prof. Norton said at Cambridge last week, in the English spirit, with the English model before our eyes.

Dr. Welldon, the Master of Harrow, who brought the matter up in the Church Congress in England, and Cardinal Vaughan, have both appeared in the field, Dr. Welldon for the second time, touching the failure of the Catholic nations to prosper. It is Cardinal Vaughan's letter, however, which is most important, as he gives what may be called the official view of the Catholic want of political success, but we must confess that it does not throw much light on the subject. The fact that it was Catholics who built up the French monarchy and the empire of Charles V., and started England on its career of glory, is, of course, obvious, but there is not much in it as a Catholic argument for this particular purpose. The Spanish Catholics began to run down hill almost as soon as they attained the pinnacle of their power, through a series of follies. The French suffered terrible defeats from the English Catholics almost as soon as the monarchy came into existence, and France began religious persecution on a scale previously unknown, and in this way got rid of her best citizens, just as the English were making their first step towards religious liberty; while Italy, after starting the Renaissance, flopped back again into degrading slavery, and had to be set up in business by outside help.

The Cardinal, however, does not rely wholly, or even principally, on the ancient glories of the Church. He denies the correctness of the Protestant defini-

tion of prosperity. He says it is probably that of Dives when Lazarus was making application to him for relief, and not the true prosperity which the Church secures to its children, and which makes Protestant prosperity seem a mere chromo. But we presume the Protestant conquerors and expansionists and speculators and syndicates, who are dividing the world among themselves, would freely admit, if they saw "any money in it," that the Cardinal was right in claiming the next world for the Catholics, and would freely cede their liens and claims in that region for a good slice of territory, or a large "sphere of influence," in this. So we fear the Cardinal's rhetoric is wasted on the likes of Hanna or Griggs or the revered McKinley. They will let him have the spiritual world if he will assure them of 10 per cent. on their common stock in this.

The London *Economist* reports a fresh agitation in Germany on the subject of American meats. The Agrarian party, i. e., the land-owners, are determined to close the markets to American pork products if possible, but they are met by considerable opposition from the consumers. The inspection of meats at the frontier has been hitherto under the charge of the separate state authorities. Accordingly there were different degrees of severity on the part of inspectors. The *Economist* learns that the imperial Government is taking steps to place the entire inspection under its own officials, and it is expected that the exclusion of American meats will be much more rigid when that measure is passed by the Reichstag. The intention was, when the bill was prepared, to make it so severe that no American meats could enter Germany—on the ground of unhealthfulness, of course; but a society at Cologne took up the matter and offered a reward of \$250 for trustworthy evidence that anybody in Germany had ever been injured by eating American meats. Nobody has come forward to claim the reward. This has caused some modification of the proposed bill, but even under the modified measure it is stated that American canned meats will be almost excluded from Germany. Of course this will be followed by retaliation on the part of our Government. Why cannot Germany follow our example, and exclude our meats by tariff duties sufficiently high to keep them out? She might do this under some kind of reciprocity dodge like that which we resorted to for imposing discriminating duties on Venezuelan coffee under the Harrison Administration. Another fact disturbing to German industry and evidently requiring measures of protection is the importation of American iron and steel. This has reached such proportions as to affect the market values of shares of German companies engaged in this industry.

COME AND LET US REASON TO-
GETHER.

In what we are about to say we have no intention of "arraigning" or "supporting" anybody. We simply wish to call attention to the fact that we are on the eve of a great crisis in the history of America—nothing less than a proposal to make a revolutionary change in our Constitution, without preceding it by any discussion whatever. This fact alone, whether we annex or conquer or not, is a tremendous one among a people as mercurial as we are. It covers our sky with clouds. That we should do anything at all, good or bad, right or wrong, without any deliberation, would be a very serious matter in a democracy. This would be true even if it were a trifling thing. Deliberation is the salt of democracy; it is what keeps it democratic. A democracy which does not deliberate must have passed, or must speedily pass, into the power of one man or into that of a junta.

The first bad sign we had in this direction was the action of Congress in the Venezuela matter. In spite of the constitutional obligation to deliberate on the President's proposal to threaten a foreign nation with war, it acted, says Mr. Boutelle, like "a cavalry charge," "riding down his feeble protest against such an assault on a great and powerful government without a word of debate or consideration." And the "newspaper press of this country flamed out from one end of the nation to the other, along the line of what I call spread-eagleism and what they call patriotism." He evidently feared that this might prove a bad precedent. So did we. We predicted at the time that it would probably be done again before long; and it was. The attack on Spain, equally without deliberation, came in three years. Aside from the general policy of the war, we did not even deliberate enough to get an army ready, and if we had attacked a great Power, we should probably have had a frightful disaster. We were saved from the worst consequences of our conduct by Spain's weakness, as we were saved in the Venezuela case by the forbearance of Great Britain.

When we come to consider the probable cause of this curious change in the American people from being one of the most deliberative in the world to one of the most volatile—so volatile that they are furious with a man who proposes procrastination about anything on which they have set their hearts—we cannot help setting down the caucus and the boss system as the most prominent. One of the lessons chiefly learnt from its practice is to despise and suppress discussion. The ideal politician to the young men of this generation is the man who "votes, but does not talk," which accounts in a measure for the power and prominence of men like Quay and Platt and Murphy. It accounts, too,

we cannot help thinking, for the growing disposition of the party in power, whichever it may be, not to reply to its opponents. If it has the power to carry a thing through, it carries it, and lets the other side say whatever it pleases. It scorns to justify its action. We are having a very striking illustration of all this in the case of this expansion scheme. A plan of a war with Spain was suddenly sprung upon the country last spring. Granted that the object was good, a civilized and peaceful people were bound to give the necessity of the war, and, if necessary, our readiness to carry it on, prolonged debate. These points received no debate at all. The only explanation vouchsafed by its advocates was that it would be a good thing for the Republican party, and would help a certain unknown people to establish a republic.

The war was fought out with the results we all know. It then appeared that the account given of its objects by the Executive was not true, and that the real object was to change the government of the United States, so as to make it conform to the pattern of European monarchies, give it subject colonies and peoples, reverse or repudiate the famous Monroe Doctrine, and make us an Asiatic Power. This scheme was never submitted to Congress, or to the public, any more than the German scheme of the annexation of Alsace was submitted to the Germans. The President is now carrying it out of his own motion, just as if he had been elected for that purpose, or had been specially directed or authorized to execute it by Congress. What is most remarkable, as illustrating the decline of the old American spirit, is that he evidently considers that the applause of crowds at railroad stations gives him all he needs in the way of constitutional authority, and large numbers of people all over the country treat the matter as none of their business, and proclaim with pride that they are quite willing "to leave it all in the hands of the President."

A mere description of what is proposed shows that nothing so important has been laid before the American people since the adoption of the Constitution. It is a more radical change in the political framework of American society than the union of the States. Even if the federation had not been created, the political habits of the people would have remained. The original American idea of the proper constitution of society and of the character of office-holders and the nature of citizenship would have remained unchanged. Yet the original Constitution was debated and framed after four months' deliberation, by a body of men chosen for their eminent fitness for their task, before it was submitted to the people of the several States, and it was nine months before the last of the nine necessary States ratified it!

We, as we have said, are threatened with a still greater change in American laws and political manners on the sudden production of a man who has been in our politics for many years, and has attained mature age without reaching any eminence or making any mark except by fanatical devotion to a protective tariff, who was elected to the Presidency by mere accident under pretence of reforming the currency, and who, never, by his warmest admirers, has been thought versed in currency, or in war, or foreign affairs, or colonies, or the government of dependencies. But he is at this moment, on his own motion, negotiating a treaty to make us an Asiatic Power, and has already added an immense conquered population to the number of our citizens. When all this comes before the Senate, should it receive its approval, it will be a departure from constitutional powers which, if acquiesced in by the country, will prove beyond question that the original American ideals have utterly perished. If the slightest reverence for them remains, the supporters of the scheme will at least give the people a chance to vote on it, either through the State legislatures or by a popular vote, as each State may decide.

OUR NEW CITIZENS.

Not one man in fifty of those who are calling for the annexation of the Spanish islands in the East and West Indies has given thought to the question what is to be the political status of the inhabitants of those islands in the future—what relationship they are to maintain towards us, or what share they are to have in our system of government. Mr. John G. Carlisle, in the article which he contributed to *Harper's Magazine* for October, considered this question from the lawyer's standpoint, and from no other. The Constitution of the United States applies to all persons brought under our flag, by our own action, whether by conquest or by peaceful admission into the Union. "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States," says the Constitution (article xiv., sec. 1). "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States" (article iv., sec. 2). "Every nation acquiring territory, by treaty or otherwise, must hold it subject to the Constitution and laws of its own government, and not according to those of the government ceding it," said the Supreme Court in a case quoted by Mr. Carlisle in the article just referred to.

It does not follow that all persons who are brought into the Union by our action shall be allowed to vote, say some of the annexationists. Well, why should they not be allowed to vote? Is it because they are ignorant? They cannot be

more so than the Southern plantation hands upon whom we forced the right of suffrage directly after the civil war. They are probably the equals in intelligence of many of the immigrants who come to our shores unable to speak our language and who acquire the right of suffrage, or rather have it thrust upon them by politicians who want to secure their votes as soon as they are naturalized, or perhaps before. But, omitting for the moment the right of suffrage, and leaving it out of view, those new citizens will certainly have the right to travel within the limits of the country of which they are citizens. They cannot be kept away from any part of the nation of which they are an integral part. No anti-Chinese laws, no anti-immigration laws will apply to them. Even if we can imagine Congress passing laws to prevent Filipinos and Porto Ricans from coming here to compete in the labor market with our own people, such laws could not be sustained without subverting our Constitution and the principles upon which our whole system rests.

It has been a marvel to us from the beginning of this controversy what the wage-workers of the United States are dreaming about that they do not rise up and forbid the banns of this unholy and most unwholesome marriage. If it were proposed to allow ten millions of Chinamen to come into the United States by law there would be a din and clamor of protestation from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine. No administration, no party, could stand up against it. Yet nothing has been heard in the way of opposition from workingmen to a greater admission of Malays, except a brief speech from Samuel Gompers and a set of resolutions from a San Francisco meeting. Here is a menace to labor ten times as threatening as the Chinese problem, yet the Knights of Labor have nothing to say about it. They are voluble enough against the Banks and the Gold Bugs, who are doing them no harm, but against an incoming deluge of real "pauper labor" they are absolutely dumb and indifferent. They will discover their mistake when it is too late. They may then seek to put down the Malay-Americans by mob violence, but they will find out the difference between Malays and Chinese when they learn that the Malay is a fighting animal and generally goes armed.

We have to deal not merely with these people whom it is proposed to annex, but with their posterity. Every one born after annexation is a citizen as soon as he arrives at mature years, and this rule applies also to the Kanakas, the Chinese in the Hawaiian Islands, the negroes of Porto Rico, as well as to the mixed tribes of the Philippines. All these will have votes sooner or later. Our whole theory of government contemplates that they shall become voters. Political parties will by and by tumble

over each other in their haste to confer the suffrage upon them, so as to gain their votes thereafter. If one party should say that they ought to have the suffrage after they have become citizens, would any other party dare to say no? It is impossible to imagine such a state of things as ten millions, or one million, of American citizens grouped together and deprived of the suffrage, or of any other right of citizenship. To quote once more from Mr. Carlisle: "The Philippine Islands, with eight or ten millions, must, unless we are to violate the organic law of the land, and hold and govern them perpetually as conquered provinces, be erected, within a reasonable time, into several States, each with two Senators, and all together having thirty or forty Representatives, while Cuba, with a population of a million and a half, must also become a State, with two Senators and at least five Representatives, according to the present ratio." Then the question, as Bishop Potter puts it, will be, not, What shall we do with the Philippines? but, What will they do with us?

SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED

There is something which ought to form part and parcel of the Spanish-American negotiations now going on in Paris, which ought to be, but has not yet been, dealt with, has not yet been even mentioned. We mean the Monroe Doctrine. There is no doctrine or idea to which we have so firmly adhered for over half a century, which we have so frequently reaffirmed on the stump, in Congress, and in our state papers and in the newspapers. Nothing except the Constitution has been held by our American publicists to be so firmly settled. It is true that it has never been formally accepted by those of Europe, but we have always said that it made no difference whether they accepted it or not, that we would resolutely enforce it whenever the occasion came. It has even in our time received on paper many extensions. Of late our Jingoists and expansionists have made strenuous exertions to extend its purview much beyond its early interpretation. When it first made its appearance, it was, we believe, held merely to forbid any new settlement or colony by any European Power on this continent. It was later made to cover any addition that any European Power might attempt to make to any colony or settlement already existing at the time of the appearance of the doctrine. But even so late as 1895 a further addition was made which very nearly brought on a war with Great Britain. Mr. Olney, our Secretary of State, then took the ground that we had such sovereignty or control over the whole continent, north and south, that even in any dispute between an American state and a European Power hold-

ing a colony lawfully established, we were supreme and compulsory arbiters, and could, in case of necessity, trace their frontier line to our own satisfaction. The distinction between this and complete sovereignty was very fine, and, indeed, almost imperceptible.

The doctrine has since then grown in importance. Until the outbreak of the Spanish war it had been simply what European Powers chose to regard as a sort of American "pious opinion," held by enthusiastic or demagogic American orators or politicians, of which no European Power need take any notice until some attempt was made, as in the Venezuela case, to put it into practice. But we have shown by the late war that we are really a formidable naval Power, and can enforce even extravagant demands against any foreign nation. We have destroyed two good-sized fleets and seized two islands as conquest, which is not a bad beginning for a peaceful, evangelical republic. We have, moreover, given notice to the world that we have on hand a large line of rulers of subject races and administrators of the estates of conquered peoples, who are now ready for business. A notice of this sort, emanating from such a source, necessarily commands attention and excites anxiety among all weak Powers. Not one of them knows how many people we may think it necessary to kill, before any election.

For these reasons we hold that "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" calls on us, just as much as when we issued the Declaration of Independence, to say what our whole attitude is now before the foreign world, not only as regards Cuba and the Philippines, but as regards this continent. We say, as regards this continent, because, if we are not mistaken, every statement we have put forth of the Monroe Doctrine, from Monroe's down to Olney's, has made our determination never to acquire any possessions in the Old World a condition, express or implied, of our exclusion of European Powers from this continent. The one we always dwelt on as balancing the other, or, so to speak, making it reasonable: "You keep away from us, and we will keep away from you," was always the Monroe Doctrine in a nutshell.

Now, it does not seem to us becoming for a Power of our standing and pretensions, and such High Commissioners as ours, to abandon a Doctrine so long and sacredly held, by mere implication. It will hardly do to have other nations merely guess or suppose that we have abandoned it, any more than to guess or suppose that we had determined to assert our political independence. There is no country in Europe which does not now understand, and is not now proclaiming through its newspapers or its state papers, that we have abandoned the Monroe Doctrine, and that this con-

continent is now open to European settlement. Is it? We have nothing as yet from any official quarter, nothing from Lodge or Roosevelt or any other leading Jingo, or from any leading party organ. The European Powers, we see, are generally assuming that we are, by our Eastern conquests, removing the prohibition which the Monroe Doctrine has hitherto placed on them. We do not as yet see any sign of their *acting* on this view, but, with the eagerness which now seems to prevail all over Europe for new territory, we cannot tell how long this modesty will last, how soon we may have to tell William, for instance, that North and South America are still under our protection, and that we have the "elevation" of all the Spanish American republics still on our hands.

The controversy which will then follow will be very interesting, and we shall follow it with close attention. But we must beg the Jinges not to lose their temper or begin to threaten too soon. It will not be nearly as easy to "elevate" the Germans or the English, we must remember, as the Spaniards, and they are not nearly so addicted to superstitious practices. We should anticipate them by a frank statement of the Monroe Doctrine as left by our military triumphs, drawn by some leading member of the Republican party, if not by a member of the High Commission.

INSTITUTIONAL CHRISTIANITY.

A recent book on pastoral theology has a chapter on "The Institutional Church." This is the first recognition we recall having met, in a formal treatise, of the great change silently wrought in the life and activities of churches of all denominations within the past twenty years. We refer to the wide extension of what may be called the church's sphere of business. We may swiftest explain the sort of revolution which has transformed the old church into the new one by quoting the programme carried out by the Berkeley Temple of Boston:

"The building itself was made an open-door church, with daily ministrations; a business-house, in spiritual business. The attention of non-church-going people was attracted at once by popular lectures and concerts. Three hundred young women were gathered, for whom reading-rooms were opened and twenty evening classes. Young men's reading-rooms, gymnasium, lyceum work, and evening classes were opened; a boys' brigade was organized; a sewing-school and a kindergarten provided; and thirty-seven gatherings, comprising from 8,000 to 12,000 people every week, have utilized the Berkeley Temple building. There are a relief department for the poor, rescue work for fallen women, and a temperance guild of 200 reformed men."

Similar or more extensive undertakings could be recorded of many New York churches. They have their departments, their organizations, their schools and lectures and guilds and associations and meetings almost without end. And the movement has spread all over the country. Every city in the land has

its Tabernacle, or Temple, or People's Church, or plain, every-day Trinity Church, or First Presbyterian, which are immense business establishments. The church buildings have lost their old awfulness and shut-up seclusion, and swarm every day in the week with busy teachers and organizers and entertainers and managers. A divine of the austere type of Puritan days would be as much at a loss in one of these modern hives of industry that are known as institutional churches as he would be in Vanity Fair itself.

Good or bad, the sweeping change we speak of has come. Wise and good men differ on the question whether it is on the whole a desirable change or not. We think it is. The actual human good done by a church that thus holds itself steadily in contact with actual human need must be much greater than that within the reach of one living in the old sacred aloofness. The motives leading to the change of attitude may be mixed; there may have been in it a feeling that "something must be done" to attract people to church; people who have yielded to the new attractions may often be lovers of amusement rather than lovers of godliness. That does not greatly matter. If the net result is a benefit, both to the community and the church, we need inquire no further. But the transformed church certainly has had, and will yet have more strikingly, a profound influence upon the habits and mental attitude of those within her pale—especially the clergy—and upon some aspects of it we wish to remark.

It has brought to prominence the business type of clergyman. He has always existed, here and there, in a more or less developed form, but the institutional church has made him indispensable. The superintendent of a factory, or the manager of a department-store, can have hardly severer demands made upon his executive ability than has the head of a modern church with all its multiplied philanthropic activities. He must be able to thread his way through a maze of affairs, and keep each clear. His tact and energy are constantly appealed to, and the planning of his week's campaign is like the marshalling of an army corps. We have all seen him—this modern typical clerical administrator of an immense ecclesiastical business. His alert precision of manner and impatience of all dawdling devastators of his day would well become the manager of a railway.

Now, the clerical character cannot be thrown into this business crucible and come out unaltered. It must lose on the reflective side. Speculative theology has little chance with a man who has six committee-meetings in the afternoon and three night-schools to visit. We need look for no Thomas Aquinas to be developed in the stir of the institutional church. Theological "giants" will

become more exceptional than ever, if the People's Tabernacles grind on with their thousand wheels. Then, too, the distinctive note of the true preacher will tend to be lost, we should say, in the rattle of machinery. The old bishop who was asked by a young clergyman how many sermons a week he ought to be able to preach replied, "One certainly; two, if you have plenty of time; but any fool can preach three." The sermons of a man whose time throughout the week is devoured by the complex business of an institutional church, are too apt to be of the kind which any fool can preach.

The ultimate remedy, we imagine, will be found in a further specialization of the work of the clergy. Some must give their time to "serving tables," others, with the gift for it, must be the writers, the theologians, the preachers. Undoubtedly the first effect of the business church has been to produce a rather large number of bustling clergy of no great weight of character and of meagre intellectual development. These are of the type of the shallow impertinent who undertook to rebuke Edward Fitzgerald for his heterodoxy, and who got for his pains the answer, "Sir, I have given much more thought to these subjects than you ever did, and I will thank you not to call upon me again." But, we say, these matters may be expected to adjust themselves in time. The fully developed institutional church will be no less active than we now see it on the practical side, and will have as many keen business men who are so-called preachers; but it will also make room for the meditative student and for the prophet who shall come into the pulpit from hours of brooding thought to speak flaming words.

DAVID AMES WELLS.

Mr. Wells, who died at his home in Norwich, Conn., on Saturday last, was born in Springfield, Mass., on June 17, 1828. He was a descendant on his father's side of Thomas Welles, one of the first Governors of Connecticut, and on his mother's side of David Ames, who directed the construction of the United States armory at Springfield, from which stock comes also the well-known manufacturing and railroad-building family of Massachusetts. In 1847 Mr. Wells was graduated from Williams College, and at once proceeded to repay his obligations to his Alma Mater by joining in the preparation of a work entitled "History and Sketches of Williams College," which was published the same year at Springfield. In 1848 he was employed on the editorial staff of the Springfield *Republican*, and while thus engaged gave the first conspicuous proof of the practical bent of his mind by suggesting and participating in the invention of a machine for folding newspapers and booksheets in connection with the power printing-press. The first machine ever successfully constructed and operated was made at his expense, and worked under his direction in the office of the Springfield *Republican*.

The sale of his interest in this invention

put him in a position to continue his studies, and, leaving journalism, he entered the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard College, where he became a special pupil of Agassiz, and graduated in 1852 with the first class that completed the course in that school. He remained at Harvard as assistant professor, and was also lecturer on physics and chemistry at the Lawrence Academy in Groton, Mass. While in Cambridge in 1849 he began with George Bliss (the late well-known lawyer of this city) the publication of the *Annual of Scientific Discovery*, which he continued until 1866. In 1866 he invented an improved process for the preparation of textile fabrics. During the years 1867-8 he was a member of the New York publishing firm of G. P. Putnam & Co., and in this period brought out a number of scientific textbooks, which were extensively circulated. His 'Science of Common Things' will be remembered by many persons now of middle age as containing just those facts in natural science a knowledge of which is indispensable in ordinary life. Other works in this series were upon natural philosophy, chemistry, and geology; two of which enjoyed the distinction of being translated into Chinese, while that upon chemistry was adopted as the text-book in the United States Military Academy.

The excellent reputation obtained by Mr. Wells as a scientific writer was very soon dimmed by the brilliancy of his achievements in another field. While residing at Troy, N. Y., in 1864, he read before a literary club there an essay which was immediately published under the title 'Our Burden and Our Strength.' It was reprinted by the Loyal Publication Society of New York, republished also in England, translated into French and German, and had a sale estimated at 200,000 copies. At that time the enormous increase of our debt, and the inadequacy of our complicated and oppressive system of taxation to produce a sufficient revenue, alarmed the nation and impaired the credit of the Government. This essay is generally believed to have had a most powerful influence in restoring public confidence and improving our financial position. Upon reading it, President Lincoln formed such an opinion of Mr. Wells's abilities that he invited him to come to Washington and confer with him and Mr. Fessenden, then Secretary of the Treasury, upon the best methods of dealing comprehensively with the financial necessities of the Government. As the result of this conference the Revenue Commission was established in 1865, Mr. Wells being appointed chairman by Hugh McCulloch, then Secretary of the Treasury. This commission reported the result of its labors in 1866, reducing to some order for the first time the chaotic mass of laws enacted during the stress of the war for the purpose of raising money, from which the only principle deducible was expressed in the maxim, "Whenever you find an article, a product, a trade, a profession a source of income, tax it." In its endeavor to establish a scientific basis for estimating the revenue of the Government, the commission made the first systematic attempt to collect and apply statistics for national purposes, and not long afterwards, under the direction of Mr. Wells, the Bureau of Statistics was established; Gen. Francis A. Walker, the first chief, being called from the office of the Springfield *Republican*, where he was then assistant editor.

The term of office of the Revenue Com-

mission having expired in 1866, Mr. Wells was at once appointed "Special Commissioner of the Revenue" for four years, a position created for the purpose of giving his abilities a more extended scope. The great work of reconstructing, repealing, and modifying the laws relating to the internal revenue was now substantially committed to his charge, and it was performed in a manner that entitled him to the permanent gratitude of his country. He may be said to have originated all the important reforms in the revenue system that were adopted by Congress down to 1870, and to have carried many of them through against strong opposition by the convincing power of his reasoning. Among these reforms were the re-drafting of the whole system of internal-revenue laws, the reduction and final abolition of the cotton tax and the taxes on manufactures and crude petroleum, the creation of supervisory districts, and the application of stamps for the collection of taxes on tobacco, fermented liquors, and distilled spirits. Corruption was then at its height in Washington, and the very absurdities and iniquities of taxation had reared powerful forces interested in their maintenance. In Mr. Wells's book entitled 'Practical Economics,' published in 1885, a most instructive collection of essays suggested by the experience of this period is preserved. It there appears how the whiskey distillers had more than once prevailed upon Congress to raise the tax upon their product, exempting that already in bond, with the result of obtaining profits amounting to more than one hundred millions of dollars.

Fiscal legislation of this kind Mr. Wells exerted all his energies to check. In one of his earliest reports he demonstrated the folly of attempting to collect a tax of \$2 a gallon on distilled liquors, perhaps 7,000 per cent. of the first cost, and argued that half a dollar a gallon was the rate of tax which would be most productive of revenue. Congress was persuaded eventually to adopt his conclusion, with results which permanently established his reputation as a master of finance. Under the reduced tax the revenue from this source at once rose to nearly three times the amount previously collected—from \$18,655,000 in 1868 to \$55,606,000 in 1870.

In 1867 the Secretary of the Treasury was instructed by Congress to present at its next session the draft of a new tariff which should embody a proper reduction of the high duties imposed during the war. Mr. Wells was selected to prepare this draft, and for the purpose of qualifying himself for the work he visited Europe in his official capacity, and thoroughly investigated the conditions and processes of all the leading manufactures, both in England and on the Continent, which could be regarded as competing with those of our own country. Up to this time Mr. Wells, who was identified through his family connections with the manufactures of New England, had been a firm and even fanatical believer in the policy of protective tariffs. His investigations in foreign countries convinced him that this belief must be surrendered. He became satisfied that other countries, in adopting the policy of stimulating their manufactures by laying duties upon imports, had not carried this policy to the stultifying extreme of taxing raw materials or partly manufactured substances which were to be subjected to further processes of manufacture; and he saw that while such a policy might enrich a few interests, it was

necessarily detrimental to almost all industries of high grade, and tended to reduce the wages of skilled laborers. What was of even more importance, he observed that such countries as Austria and Russia, whose manufacturers were most clamorous for protective duties, were precisely the countries where the lowest wages were paid, and he was forced to the conclusion that the payment of high wages in connection with the use of the most improved machinery was a proof, not of industrial weakness, but of industrial strength. In this way, Mr. Wells found himself logically committed to the fundamental position in the theory of free trade, that general high wages are the result of a low cost of production, and cannot possibly be produced by Government interference.

Mr. Wells's proposed revision of the tariff, together with an elaborate report upon the revenue resources of the country, was submitted to Congress, with the hearty endorsement of Secretary McCulloch, in December, 1867. It was embodied in a bill, and, strange as it seems in these days, came very near becoming a law. It passed the Senate by a vote of 27 to 10. In the House it failed by a few votes in the closing hours of the session. It was impossible to get it before the House, except by a motion to suspend the rules, for which 106 votes were cast against 64 in the negative, not the required two-thirds. In the matter of protective tariffs, however, the motto of the faithful has always been *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*, and the dominant influences in the Republican party at that time were extremely hostile to the changed views which Mr. Wells expressed. Upon the publication of his report for 1869, Horace Greeley publicly asserted that Mr. Wells had been corrupted by British gold through the agency of A. T. Stewart. Mr. Stewart was extremely angry at the charge, and wished Mr. Wells to bring an action for libel, several leading New York lawyers volunteering to conduct the proceedings, but Mr. Wells declined to seek a vindication of this character. His retirement from office at the expiration of his term became a foregone conclusion, President Grant assigning the personal dislike of Secretary Boutwell to Mr. Wells as his reason for refusing to reappoint him, in case the office should be continued; but his services had been so plainly advantageous to the country that the leading members of both houses of Congress, without distinction of party, united in offering him a public testimonial. The four volumes of the reports of the Special Commissioner of Revenue, published in 1866-'69, are among the standard works of statistical science, and although, of course, not popularly known, are probably the most enduring monument to Mr. Wells's capacity as a financier. They have given him a distinction in other countries that has, perhaps, been attained by no other American who has labored in this department of statesmanship.

Mr. Wells, however, was not allowed to retire to private life. As soon as it was known that he was no longer to be employed by the national Government, the State of New York sought his counsel in the examination of the laws relating to local taxation, and he was made chairman of the commission appointed for this purpose. The investigation was the most thorough that had ever been made of the various questions relating to local taxation. The distinguish-

ing feature of the report was the abolition of all taxation of personal property (except that of moneyed corporations), and the substitution of a tax on the rental value of dwellings, to be assessed against the occupier, whether he be owner or tenant. The theory of this recommendation was that since personal property in its modern forms cannot, as a general rule, be found by the assessor, the best available index of wealth of an individual is the house that he lives in. The report was not adopted, however, by the Legislature.

Mr. Wells's abilities as an economist were early recognized in foreign countries. He was elected a member of the Cobden Club in 1870, and was invited to deliver the annual address before that club in 1873; became an honorary member of the Statistical Society of England in 1871; was elected foreign associate of the French Academy of Political Science in 1874, to fill the chair made vacant by the death of John Stuart Mill, and of the Regia Accademia dei Lincei in Italy in 1877, receiving its medal of honor from the latter society in 1873. The Berkshire Medical College honored him with the degree of M.D. in 1863, Williams College with that of LL.D. in 1871, and he received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1874, and that of LL.D. from Harvard in 1890. He was President of the American Social Science Association from 1875-9, of the New London County (Conn.) Historical Society in 1880, and of the American Free Trade League in 1881.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Mr. Wells published, in 1875, 'The Creed of the Free Trader' and 'The Production and Distribution of Wealth'; in 1876, 'Robinson Crusoe's Money'; in 1878, 'Why We Trade, and How We Trade' and 'The Silver Question; or, the Dollar of the Fathers vs. the Dollar of the Sons'; in 1882, 'Our Mercantile Marine: How It Rose, Increased, Became Great, Declined, and Decayed'; in 1884, 'The Primer of Tariff Reform'; in 1886, 'Principles of Taxation'; in 1887, 'A Study of Mexico'; in 1888, 'A Short and Simple Catechism' and 'The Relation of the Tariff to Wages.' In 1887 he visited Newfoundland for the purpose of ascertaining on the spot the facts of the fisheries question, giving the results of his investigation in a speech before the Reform Club in New York. This speech contains all the information that is required for the speedy settlement of the dispute, and whenever the national Government shall cease to consider it necessary to keep the sore running, Mr. Wells's suggestions will be put in practice.

Mr. Wells's last, and in some respects most important, book appeared in 1889, under the title 'Recent Economic Changes.' The substance of this book had been published as a series of articles in the *Popular Science Monthly*, the title there being, "Economic Disturbances since 1873." No recent work in economics has aroused more general interest than this, and it is peculiarly instructive at the present crisis. With a mastery of detail possessed by few practical men, Mr. Wells combined, in this treatise, an almost equally remarkable knowledge of economic tendencies, with the result of throwing a flood of light upon the causes of the so-called "depression of trade" which has so long perplexed men of business. He demonstrated that the enormous improvements in production and in transportation had necessarily displaced great amounts of capital by

rendering former appliances obsolete, so that every new enterprise, it might almost be said, was able to produce its results more cheaply than those previously in operation, the general result being a rapidity of change in business conditions that disconcerted all the calculations of the adherents of conservative methods. Nor was the light that it threw upon the past the only merit of this book, for the bewildering possibilities of the future were considered with a calm and rational forecast that furnished a substantial basis for the most sanguine expectations.

Mr. Wells married twice; first in May, 1860, Mary Sanford Dwight, and in June, 1879, Ellen Augusta Dwight, both daughters of James S. Dwight of Springfield, Mass., and Elizabeth Lee of Norwich, Conn. He had one son by his first wife, David Dwight Wells, who survives him. Physically, Mr. Wells was of slight build and medium height, and of a highly nervous temperament. During recent years the precarious condition of his health had caused him to live a retired life, but scarcely checked his intellectual activity, which was facilitated by the possession of one of the best economic libraries in the world. Whatever the attainments of our surviving statisticians may be, they lack the prestige which Mr. Wells derived from his distinguished services at a critical period in our history. There may be men living who possess his familiarity with fiscal legislation and economic theory, with the laws of trade and the conditions of industry, but if so they are not known to the public and their knowledge is unavailable. In practical affairs, especially in the affairs of government, the great difficulty is not the lack of capable men, but the fact that they are unknown. Between proved and unproved capacity the difference is infinite.

It is impossible to avoid the painful reflection that this statesman was excluded from the office of legislator. If he had been an Englishman, it would not have been possible that he should not have been a member of Parliament, and a member of the cabinet if his party were in power. As it was, his opportunities for public service of an official character came by appointment and not by election. Doubtless the peculiar environment of his residence had something to do with this, but it is to be apprehended that his ostracism was mainly due to the same cause as that of Aristides—to his glaring superiority, which the narrow mind of ordinary men meanly resented as disagreeably emphasizing their own inferiority. But it is probable that the slavery of a party name, when he became a candidate for Congress, influenced many to oppose him who would have been glad to bestow their suffrages upon him had his ticket borne a different heading. His influence, however, was not of a kind to be dependent upon official position. He was an admirable example of the best kind of self-made man—the man who has by his own exertions accumulated not wealth, but knowledge. His acquaintance with economics was derived not from schools, but from actual contact with affairs, and he could, therefore, appeal to men of affairs with peculiar success. He proved his capacity to them upon their own ground, and, having thus overcome the stock objection of business men to "mere theorists," he was able to secure attention to the principles of economic science. While much good is to be expected from the study

of these principles in our institutions of learning, it is probable that legislation in this country will be mainly directed—so far as it is directed wisely—by men possessing the combined knowledge of theory and practice for which Mr. Wells was distinguished, and on this account the lesson of his life is of peculiar value to young men whom the spirit of patriotism does not permit to be indifferent to the cause of good government.

LITERATURE AND ART "ON THE CHEAP."

LONDON, October, 1898.

For many years past, Sir Walter Besant and the Society of Authors have been preaching and prophesying the spread of literature, and the beneficent effects that must follow upon universal education, the cheapening of paper, and the improvement of the printing-press. Utopia seemed to open before them; they were on the eve of the Golden Age, the millennium for authors and journalists; an era of unbelievably increased royalties. It was a pretty dream, but, like so many pretty dreams, it had no foundation in fact. It did not occur to Sir Walter Besant and his friends that universal education might not excite a universal appetite for their books. They overlooked the inevitable law of demand and supply, and failed to foresee that, with a new class of readers, there might arise a new demand which would, as always happens, create a new class of manufacturers or producers ready to supply it. Of course the bringing of art and literature to the people is no new thing—it is as old as the invention of printing; the only discovery is that the newly educated people know nothing of what has been hitherto regarded as art and literature. Neither is there novelty in the endeavor to provide for them as cheaply as possible. From the time of Dürer with his prints (or I might go back further to the block-book) down to the days of Charles Knight and his *Penny Magazine*, the people have always been catered for, and consequently cheapness has always been sought. But until now the caterers, foolishly no doubt, have set themselves a certain standard of excellence. Their object never was disinterested; it was to put money in their own pockets, but, in return, they gave the best that was in them to give. Dürer did not lower his art to the popular level because he adapted his price to it. The old-fashioned editor of the cheap magazine never boasted that he could fill his journal with the greatest possible quantity of rubbish at the lowest possible rate. To go no further back, even in England, than thirty or forty years ago, you find the cheap magazines, *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, the *Cornhill*, that sold for sixpence or a shilling, publishing the stories of Thackeray and George Eliot and Trollope and George Meredith, the drawings of Whistler and the Pre-Raphaelites and Keene and Sandys and Houghton and Pinwell and Fred. Walker, and many others only less distinguished. Much that was best in the literature and the black-and-white art of the day appeared in these magazines. The price might appeal to the multitude, but the quality of the material offered appealed as well to the few who really knew good work and cared for it. The self-respecting editor would have been ashamed to stoop to the multitude, and, besides, it was supposed that, once the multitude could read, they might be

made to appreciate the best by accustoming them to it. Indeed, some optimists have gone still further, and, with Tolstoi, have expected to find in the opinion of the people the criterion of taste. Probably there are still Americans who believe in Mr. Hay's London, where every navy—was it, not?—carried a copy of Omar Khayyám along with his beer-can, or who think that, because Lord Houghton and a few others were admirers of Motley and Lowell and Holmes, therefore the British public took our men of letters to his bosom; that, because 'Hans Breitmann' and the 'Biglow Papers' sold well—in pirated editions—therefore the whole nation was the patron of literature. I need not point out that there could be no greater mistake. If you were to look into the matter, and take, for instance, the most popular book in the language, 'Pickwick,' the chances are you would find that, of the many millions who comprise the population of the British Islands, not one man in fifty has ever read it.

Now, to-day there are certain enterprising business men who frankly recognize the real state of affairs. They know that universal education is making of every man, woman, and child a possible reader, and they believe that the large majority of these readers will always prefer the bad, when they can get it, especially when it is cheap. To the good they are cynics in their way. Undisturbed by the fashionable desire to elevate the people, they have proceeded to work the people's vulgarity as a more profitable investment than any South African gold mine. The observant man must have seen this sort of thing growing for some time back, though at first there was an effort to ignore or disguise it. For years, on the English railway bookstall there has been an appalling array of penny *Tit-Bits* and *Short-Cuts* and similar productions. But, for a while, you seldom saw them anywhere else; you never heard of them, no one of intelligence was found reading them. The truth is, I doubt if anybody really did read them, for their success, as a rule, depended less upon their contents than upon the insurance policies and the lottery schemes and prize competitions which most of them offered. This lottery business was carried to such an extent that one specially ingenious weekly had to be suppressed, virtually for gambling, and the postal delivery in the district where it was published was disorganized for months because of the mass of correspondence it attracted. I remember once meeting a commercial traveller in a little provincial hotel, and seeing him produce from his pockets ten penny periodicals, signing his name solemnly in the appointed place in each, and then declaring triumphantly that with these on his person he was worth £10,000, or he would be if he could only get killed in a railway smash; so that I realized there were men to whom the penny weekly meant not something to be read, but the chance to gamble with their lives. In England the State may not countenance the lottery, as in Italy, but the individual who has any rubbish to get rid of need only devise some gambling scheme to meet with immediate success. Even now that the daily papers are full of the rumors of war, now that naval reserves are being called out and militia summoned to be in readiness, the one cry you hear, afternoon and evening, at every street corner, is, "All the winners! All the winners!" And not Kitchener, but Teddy Sloan, the American jockey, is the greatest

man in England. Not even the weekly supposed to be purely literary can escape. I notice that the *Academy* has just instituted a series of "Literary Competitions," as a bid for subscribers who surely might be thought to have sufficient interest in literature to dispense with such a bribe.

Millions, and in one case a baronetcy, have been won by the cheap periodical. Naturally the output has increased enormously. Sir George Newnes, who may be called the inventor of the *Tit-Bits* class of journal, has had no more enterprising and successful rivals than the Harmsworth and Pearson companies. We have Mr. Harmsworth's word that his house alone controls four dailies and thirty weekly periodicals, though, if I except two of the dailies, I should find it difficult to mention a single one by name. The Pearsons, I have no doubt, could furnish quite as formidable and insignificant a list. But they have not been content to stop here. Sir George Newnes started, some few years since, a sixpenny illustrated monthly magazine, the *Strand*; they must each have a threepenny illustrated monthly magazine, and so eclipse him altogether, and these two ventures have been the town talk during the last six months. For, not only have the Harmsworths and Pearsons been the most successful in the manufacture of this kind of literature, but they are the first who have forced it into prominence, and gained for it the attention of readers who consider themselves critical, as well as readers for whom it is especially designed, thus marking another step downward in the gradual degradation of literature and journalism. If we have long had the "cheap and nasty" with us, at least it had so far been kept decently in the background. Now, however, we are asked to glory in it.

The two new magazines are much what might be expected. Their proprietors make no attempt to conceal their aims. Mr. Harmsworth said bluntly in the *Excuse* for the first number of his monthly, which appeared in July last, that he stands in no need of the attraction of mere "names." He and "my brother Cecil" understand the public appetite for "something new," and for the sake of the public and "for our own profit" well-known artists and writers are to be carefully avoided. The editor of the *Royal Magazine* (Pearson's), in a preliminary interview, announced cheerfully that his periodical would not "aim at being literature, but at being just what the average person wants to read." There have been before now editors in London who did not hesitate to tell you, in confidence, that they were publishing what they knew was bad, because they also knew it was what their readers liked. But, to my knowledge, this is the first time an editor has had the courage to make public confession of so discreditable a policy. It was also explained that there were to be illustrations in the *Royal*, since "the picture is as essential as the advertisement." Under these conditions, of course, the advertisement did not present the usual inducement of popular authors and distinguished artists. But Mr. Harmsworth held a trump-card that hitherto no one had dreamed of playing. He filled an entire page in the morning papers to announce "341 Tons" of Harmsworth's *Magazine*. The Pearsons, once the hint was given, did still better; they announced "300 Tons" of *Royal Magazine*, of which you could make a column as high as Mount

Everest, or a line extending from London almost to Sheffield, or a wall to enclose St. Paul's. After that, who could ask for such a mere detail as literature or art?

I have no intention to describe the magazines. Every one knows without being told the quality of articles and stories and illustrations supplied by the ton. The printing is too poor to be referred to. But it happened that when Harmsworth's *Magazine* came out in July, Smith, the autocrat of the railway book-stall, refused to sell it at the price, and a lament at once arose from all the book-sellers in the provinces that for them Mr. Harmsworth's terms spelt ruin. The result was a long newspaper correspondence in one of the large London dailies supposed to be specially interested in literary matters, and Harmsworth's *Magazine*, if Smith would not have it, found itself, probably to the surprise of its proprietor, figuring as an important literary and artistic publication, and the advertisement probably made up for the extra halfpenny added to the price. Pearson's, which has only just been issued, has had the advantage of time, and its proprietors have managed (how, I do not pretend to say) to arrange matters with Smith, who sells their magazine at threepence, presumably at a profit, when it was impossible in the case of Harmsworth's. And, as no one in England would pay an extra halfpenny when he could save it, I fancy, without any question of merit—since there is none—that Pearson's will win the day in this new and rather sordid contest.

It may be thought I am attaching too much importance to magazines which the intelligent man would pitch into his waste-paper basket before he opened them; but this is exactly what the Englishman who passes as intelligent has not done. Every one, from the prince to the pauper, believes them to be all they ought to be, and already you may see that they are having their influence. The *Royal* had hardly appeared before Messrs. Cassell had come to the front with the *New Penny Magazine*. The Cassells are an old firm, and evidently cannot at once forget old traditions. It is their desire, it seems, that their journal "should be equally conspicuous so far as the excellence of its contents and the beauty and variety of its illustrations are concerned." And it is the easier for them to encourage this desire since, like the editors of the *Golden Penny* and the *Penny Illustrated*, published by the proprietors of the *Graphic* and the *London Illustrated News*, they have a store of old blocks and old material to draw upon—one reason why penny publications of the kind are so much better than the new threepenny magazines. But the Cassells cannot, on the other hand, ignore the new conditions, and so their very unpretending sheet is advertised in large letters, something in the style of Barnum, as "the biggest and cheapest in the world," and the first number contains the proud assertion that, with the publication of the *New Penny Magazine*, it may be claimed that "the high-water mark in cheap periodical literature has been touched."

But the preposterous part of it is that these magazines are not cheap. I do not mean merely that they would be dear at any price, which is quite true. But take Harmsworth's, made up of photographs and, with one exception, of drawings that are worse than photographs, and articles by writers of no reputation and less promise, and compare it with an old number of

Once a Week or Good Words or the Cornhill, there is simply no comparison. Or contrast it with the *Century*, that in England sells for five times its price. Why, the *Century*, well written, well illustrated, well engraved, well printed, is five times as cheap. Even the American ten-cent magazines, which cost three cents more, are immeasurably cheaper, for they do sometimes publish the work of a good author or a good artist. Many of their stories, I know, are syndicated, but the cheap English magazine, with no object but profit and cheapness, cannot afford the syndicate rates of popular authors when they can get writers to work for less. Why pay for the good when the bad sells every bit as well? In writing this I find I have already proved the harm the new periodical literature is doing. For, as can be seen, it is fast reducing everything to the one question of cheapness. I must confess that English authors have done little to counteract so deplorable a tendency. The *Author*, the official organ of their Society, always bristles with pounds, shillings, and pence, but the last thing thought of in their estimate of the cost of production is the excellence of the printing or the make-up of a volume. They are so engrossed with royalties that they should be the last to be surprised if publishers think only of profits. When all these various facts and factors are taken into consideration, I do not believe it will be found that I have exaggerated the gloominess of the outlook. In the face of the new acceptance of modern ideas of cheapness in literature and art, I fancy even Matthew Arnold would lose faith in the saving remnant. Indeed, I see but one chance, one ray of light in the future. The purveyors of cheap literature, in their furious race for cheapness and titles; may, in the end, cut their own throats. It is just possible that the time may come, as I heard it prettily put, when you will be given a pound of tea to carry the penny and three-penny magazine away. N. N.

Correspondence.

REMEMBER THE MAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a proof that some at least of the Chicago public were not afraid to express themselves strongly against the war with Spain, I enclose a cutting taken from a Chicago newspaper:

KIPLINGS'S RECESSIONAL MISAPPLIED.

CHICAGO, May 17.—To the Editor:—
Looking on England's mighty power,
And fearing, in temptation's hour,
That, in her strength and in her pride,
She might put faith in God aside—
A poet wrote: "Be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Our Jingoos borrow this refrain
In writing of the sunken *Maine*;
And, preaching from her unknown fate*
A doctrine of unreasoning hate,
Shriek, to their fetid made of mud,
"O give us blood! O give us blood!"

MAXWELL WILLIAMS.

Yours truly, A. B.

CHICAGO, October 30, 1898.

SUGAR-BUSH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hardly think we need make a mystery

*Note.—The Board of Inquiry especially stated that the authors of the explosion were unknown. The explosion may have been caused by the insurgents. M. W.

of "bush" in the above compound. Among the hills of central New York, where my boyhood was spent, a maple grove was commonly called a "sugar-bush" or a "sap-bush," and this, even in case the maple trees were interspersed with, perhaps outnumbered by, other trees. And very naturally, for any forest was called a "bush." "He took to the bush," "The cattle have gone into the bush," etc., were common expressions. And this again very naturally, for to a pedestrian the trees count for little; the bushes (generically, the "bush"), or the dense undergrowth of the ordinary forest, were the main thing in the case, whether as obstacle or lurking-place for game, etc. I used often to hear "sugar-orchard" also, instead of the above. Of the three, "sap-bush" was the most common. E. A. S.

YPSILANTI, MICH., October 28, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to "E. N." The use of the word "bush" is not necessarily associated with the sugar maple; there may be pine bush or oak bush, or any other sort of bush where some sort of trees predominate; the word bush being used in northern New England and Canada in the same sense that we use the word woods. The word bush is really better than the word woods, for the latter has quite a different meaning. A small area of trees and sprouts is better described as brush or bush than as woods. The word forest (seldom used, by the way, in this vicinity) has a similar meaning everywhere; so also have the words orchard and grove; but a piece of bush or brush in Canada would be called a piece of woods by a Long Islander. J. H. GRIFFITH.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the inquiry of "E. N." in the *Nation* of October 27, I beg leave to say that "sugar-bush" is one of the few phrases in our current American English, like *stoop*, *cole-slaw*, *boss*, for which we are indebted to our Dutch predecessors and ancestors. The Dutch word *bosch* means forest, wood, grove, and lingers in the territorial names Flatbush, Greenbush, Bushwick, Cripplebush, and in the family names Ter Bush (cut down to Bush), Van den Bosch, and perhaps Bushrod. It occurs also in the South African "Bushman." Etymologically, *bosch* is the same as the German *Busch*, the English bush, and the French *bois*.

I have never heard the term "sugar-bush" outside of New York and New Jersey, excepting in families of Dutch origin. I remember in my youth to have heard in such families the single word "bush" used as equivalent to "backwoods," "deestrick," the country of the "hayseeds."

I am, sir, very truly yours,

KNICKERBOCKER.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my youth in western New York, the sugar-bush was generally a part of the forest in all its wildness, except some foot-paths or woods-roads from which the fallen timbers and underbrush had been removed to make its trees more accessible. Outside of these, in most cases, the forest was there in its original condition; the beech, basswood, elm, and ash, which commonly grew with the maples, being left standing. So, too, the bushy undergrowth, especially pre-

valent in more open tracts or on hillsides, was left. One name for such a forest or piece of woods was "the bush." To live in the woods was to live in the "bush"; to go into the "bush" was the same as going into the woods. Hence the sugar-bush, or sap-bush, was that part of the forest, or "bush," that might be used for making sugar. This, I take it, is the derivation of the term. In corroboration of this, I may add, when later some of the original forest had been removed, and a maple grove was provided by planting trees in rows or in some way more orderly than the natural growth in the woods, the name sugar-orchard would be applied to it—rarely, except from habit, perhaps, sugar-bush.

It may be of interest, in this connection, to give another use of "bush" by the farmers of the same region which I do not find in the dictionaries in general use. It was employed as a verb. When, on a hot summer day, a man working in the field was so far overcome by the heat as to seek a shady place to rest, he was said to be "bushed." The place naturally sought would be any convenient shade of tree, bush, wood margin, or even fence-rows, which, crooked as they were, often had the corners full of shrubs. From this practice came a wider use of the word. Sometimes in the hay-field or harvest-field, where the scythe and the cradle were the instruments of cutting, a friendly contest would be entered into to see who could outdo his companions in work, or make one "quit" temporarily. When one stopped from fatigue, or dropped out of the line of mowers or reapers (or whatever the contest might be), thus acknowledging himself worsted, he was said to be "bushed." Such a one was apt to sit down to rest in a shady place, should one be near. Hence to "bush" a man was to overcome him by labor carried so far as to make him cease work from fatigue. I have even heard it applied in a general way to designate such conditions at any season of the year, when one gave out from overexertion, naturally sitting or lying down to rest; or to any contest, as of wood-chopping or the like. E. J. H.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FRANKLIN AND TORREY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the remarks of your subscriber which appeared in the *Nation* for October 20 (p. 297), I have no hesitation in saying that Franklin certainly did not establish a free library supported by taxation, either in Franklin, Mass., or elsewhere. Nor is there any ground for the inference that Dr. Torrey was merely advocating on paper something that others before his time had put into effective operation.

There is in my possession a copy of 'A Discourse Addressed to the Congregation in Franklin, upon the occasion of their receiving from Dr. Franklin, the mark of his respect, in a rich donation of books, appropriated to the use of a Parish-Library. By Nathaniel Emmons, Pastor of the Church in Franklin.' The dedication reads: "To His Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Esq., President of the State of Pennsylvania; the Ornament of Genius, the Patron of Science, and the Boast of Man; this Discourse is inscribed with the greatest Deference, Humility and Gratitude, by his most obliged, and most obedient Servant, the Author. Franklin, in Massachusetts, March 1, 1787." In

the course of his remarks Mr. Emmons refers (p. 34) to their Parish Library as having already been in existence for "more than Thirty years," from which it would appear that Franklin's books were a gift to a library already in existence rather than an epoch-making innovation. The books sent were of a character, according to the worthy pastor, calculated "to set the divine kindness in a high and engaging light."

Further particulars regarding the library are to be found in the Rev. Elam Smalley's 'Centennial Sermon Delivered in Franklin, Mass., February 25, 1838' (Boston, 1838, 8vo), and in the Boston *Traveller* for February 9, 1838. It may be added that the library received no further additions from Franklin. After the death of Mr. Emmons (who had been pastor in Franklin for fifty-four years), it was neglected, and at length, in 1859, was turned over to the Franklin Library Association, which has since been superseded by a Free Public Library.

Such establishments as that which received Franklin's gift have uniformly failed, because no adequate permanent provision could be made for their maintenance and regular increase. It is Torrey's honor that he discerned this, and formulated a scheme by which the object might have been attained; but he was a generation ahead of his time.

FREDERICK J. TEGGART.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL., October 29, 1898.

THE "PERVIGILIUM VENERIS" AND "LOCKSLEY HALL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The mention in 'Marius the Epicurean' of that remarkably modern line from an ancient poem—

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit
cras amet,"

has doubtless called the attention of many modern readers to the "Pervigillum Veneris," of which the line quoted is the refrain. It is a poem of unknown authorship and uncertain date—it was believed in the eighteenth century, when Parnell laced it into Popian couplets, to have been composed in the time of Julius Caesar—and is remarkable not only for its modern tone, but for its metre, which is accentual, and identical with that of "Locksley Hall." Reading it not long since, I was struck with the fact that the opening lines of it sound remarkably like the well-known passage in "Locksley Hall" about "the young man's fancy." The first three lines of the Latin poem are:

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit
cras amet,
Ver novum, ver jam canorum; vere natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites."

The lines in "Locksley Hall" are too well known to need quoting here, but I give them to show the parallelism of structure:

"In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another
crest:

"In the Spring a livelier iris burns upon the burnished
dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love."

I am aware that Tennyson objected to having the antecedents of his verses pointed out, and resented the notion that because some one else had said something that sounded like a line of his, it must follow that he had got his line from that some one else; the fact remains that Tennyson's poetry is full of reminiscences. It is true, indeed, that, in

this case, he amplified and vivified his original with Shaksperian felicity; yet the repetition *ver, spring*, the identity of tone in the two passages, and the identical metre, make it hard not to associate the lines in "Locksley Hall" with the Latin given above.

"Sources" are not poetry, but it cannot detract from, and may add to, the interest of the modern poem to know that what many would think the most modern passage in it is as old, almost, as the Christian era.

HENRY MARVIN BELDEN.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI.

A STATUE OF THE YOUTHFUL GOETHE AT STRASSBURG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The approaching celebration of Goethe's 150th birthday has given rise to a plan which, conceived by members of the faculty of Strassburg University, should obtain the support and coöperation of all the friends of German literature. It was in Strassburg that Goethe first became fully himself. Here the greatness of mediæval art first dawned upon him. Here the love for Friederike brought out, for the first time his lyric genius. Here he planned "Götz von Berlichingen" and "Faust." It is eminently fitting, then, that in Strassburg his memory should be honored by a statue representing him in the first glow and joyfulness of youth.

A large number of distinguished scholars, under the lead of the Grand Duke of Weimar, have taken the matter in hand; and it is hoped that by August 28, 1899, a sum will have been brought together sufficient to insure a worthy execution of this worthy plan. American admirers of Goethe who wish to take part in it are asked to send their contributions either to Prof. J. P. Hatfield, Evanston, Ill., or to Prof. Horatio S. White, Ithaca, N. Y., or to the undersigned.

KUNO FRANCKE.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, November 4, 1898.

Notes.

The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, announce for early publication the 'Life of Oliver P. Morton,' by William Dudley Foulke; the 'Life of Susan B. Anthony,' by Mrs. Harper; and 'One Way Round the World,' by Delight Sweetzer.

Upon sufficient encouragement, Mr. Walter Rowlands, No. 26 Webster Avenue, Allston, Boston, Mass., will publish between fifty and sixty gelatine prints of 'Curious Gravestones in and around Boston.' These have been selected for their age, ornamentation, or historic significance, and embrace the monuments of Major Thomas Savage, commander-in-chief in King Philip's war; Nicholas Upsall, Benjamin Woodbridge; Nathaniel Hurd, engraver; Benjamin Thompson, poet; John Foster, Boston's first printer; Deane Winthrop, and some of the gentler sex, e. g., Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips (1661), midwife. Descriptive notes will accompany the portfolio. The circular specimen plate promises well for the quality of Mr. Howland Shaw Chandler's photographs.

D. C. Heath & Co. have in press 'German Selections for Advanced Sight Translation,' by Miss Rose Chamberlain of Bryn Mawr.

'The Easiest German Reading for Learners, Young or Old,' by Prof. George Hemphill

of the University of Michigan, is nearly ready to be issued by Ginn & Co.

A new, complete, uniform edition of the Writings of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale has been undertaken by Little, Brown & Co.

Forthcoming from M. F. Mansfield & Co. are 'Spinifex and Sand,' five years' pioneering and exploring in Western Australia, by David W. Carnegie; 'With Ski and Sledge over Arctic Glaciers,' by Sir Martin Conway; 'The Story of Religions,' by the Rev. E. D. Price; and 'Mad Humanity, its Forms, Apparent and Obscure,' by L. Forbes Winslow.

R. H. Russell publishes at once a 'Maude Adams Edition' of Barrie's 'Little Minister,' illustrated with more than thirty full-page crayon drawings by C. Allen Gilbert, and with photographs specially taken for this occasion. A miniature portrait of Miss Adams will set off the white-and-gold vellum cover.

Dr. Max Verworn's 'General Physiology; An Outline of the Science of Life,' has been translated by Prof. Frederic S. Lee of Columbia University, and will bear the imprint of Macmillan Co. It will contain 285 illustrations.

The Century Company are about to bring out 'Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies,' by Robert T. Hill, geologist and geographer in those parts, with many illustrations.

'Commercial Cuba,' by William J. Clark, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

From Doubleday & McClure Co. we are to have 'The Fight for Santiago,' by Stephen Bonsal, and 'With Sampson through the War,' by W. A. M. Goode.

D. Appleton & Co. are about to publish 'Latitude 19°,' a Haytian novel by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, and 'Foot-Notes to Evolution,' by President Jordan of Leland Stanford Junior University.

J. B. Lippincott Co. promise 'Picturesque Mexico.'

Messrs. Scribner have given a very handsome exterior to a uniform reissue of Mr. Cable's fiction in five volumes, from 'Old Creole Days' and 'The Grandissimes' to 'John March, Southerner.' This product of twenty years has in it a certainty of revival—at least in part—a generation hence, or we mistake its enduring quality.

The late John Addington Symonds did not lack the author's pleasure in a call for new editions of his writings, and there is still a posthumous activity. The well-known scholar, Horatio F. Brown, his friend in Venice, has prepared a reissue of Symonds's 'Sketches in Italy and Greece,' 'Sketches and Studies in Italy,' and 'Italian Byways,' under the general title of "Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece" (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). The editor, with an eye to the tourist's convenience, has rearranged topographically the essays composing the series. The first volume, therefore, opens with "The Love of the Alps," and its appendix, "Winter Nights at Davos," which are succeeded by "Bacchus in Graubünden," "Old Towns of Provence," "The Cornice," "Ajaccio," etc., in geographical progression, halting for the moment at Venice with Goldoni (and Alfieri, by way of contrast). This method is to be praised, as is also the handsome appearance of the book. Mr. Symonds's qualities as a writer are too familiar to demand reappraisal here.

'The Ingoldsby Legends' have found a sympathetic illustrator for a very handsome new presentation of them by Dent & Co.

(New York: Macmillan). Mr. Arthur Rackham supplies pen-drawings and color-drawings, and for favorable examples of each style we could point to pages 73 and 74, only in the latter instance ("If Orpheus first produced the waltz") the artist's humor takes on a classic grace, revealing his capacity for decorative design. This is shown again in the little cut (as it purports to be), with a feeling of Cruikshank, on p. 537. A brief, plain account of Barham and his works is prefaced by Mr. F. J. Simmons, and completes the apparatus needful for the enjoyment of the comic medley of prose and verse so long approved of English readers.

A little volume of much elegance, published for the Columbia University Press by Macmillan Co., and entitled 'Bismarck and German Unity,' embodies Prof. Munroe Smith's notable obituary of that statesman which first appeared in the *New York Evening Post* and (in part) in the *Nation*. The type is large, the paper excellent; marginal entries serve as chronological finger-posts; and one of Lenbach's portraits of the Prince makes a frontispiece.

The growsomeness of Keats's 'Isabella, or the Pot of Basil' might be appealed to in justification of the gloomy borders provided for the poem by W. B. Macdougall in half-a-dozen variations (Philadelphia: Lippincott). The occasional full-page illustrations are uneven in merit, and affect the antique even to naïveté. The letter-press is bold and black, and this hue is wanting only to the cover of the thin quarto volume, which is richly gilt in arabesque.

The revival of Frankliniana this season is noticeable. A new life of the philosopher for children is at one extreme; and in advance of Mr. Sydney George Fisher's 'The True Franklin' comes a reissue of Mr. John Bigelow's three-volume *Life* (Lippincott), the last to which, he feelingly gives notice, he can expect to put his hand. He has availed himself, for revision and correction, of the latest historical material concerning his subject, and what changes have been made appear to be in the plates. They are not specified.

The same Philadelphia publishers send us a number of volumes of the "Adventure Series," bearing Unwin's London imprint, all now put forth afresh at popular prices and with highly colored pictorial backs. Among these are Howard Pyle's 'Buccaneers and Marooners of America,' William Watson's 'Adventures of a Blockade-Runner,' together with earlier tales like 'The Log of a Jack Tar,' or, 'The Life of James Choyce, Master Mariner,' newly published, and edited by Commander Cameron; 'Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp' (1829); 'Trelawny's Adventures of a Younger Son' (1831); 'Madagascar; or, Robert Drury's Journal during Fifteen Years' Captivity on that Island' (1729); and 'The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto' (1663). All these are illustrated.

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl's 'Fables for the Frivolous' (Harpers) are well-sustained humor in rhyme after La Fontaine, excellently helped out by Peter Newell's characteristic illustrations. The morals are ingenious, as that on "The Arrogant Frog and Superior Bull"—"Everybody knows How ill a wind it is that blows"; or that on "The Vainglorious Oak and the Modest Bulrush"—"Some storms come early and avoid the rush." The slang employed is of the day and not unworthy the attention of Dr. Mur-

ray. The "populistic bumpkin" on whom the acorn fell vicariously, "murmured, 'Where would I be at?'" when he bethought him of the alternative; and his kind are well hit off in the line expressing his conviction that "Whatever wasn't must be right." These Fables are luxuriously presented, in paper, press-work, and binding.

In the last four years so much new historical material has come to light that biographies must be rewritten to keep pace with it. Prof. Egleston has prepared a new edition of the 'Life of John Paterson' (Putnams), embodying in it such documents as have fallen under his notice since 1894, the date of the first edition. A large part of the new matter is derived from the correspondence of Generals Heath and Knox, and is of good quality. Knox's connection with the artillery and Heath's command of the Highlands of the Hudson, both responsible and active positions, make their orders of value in connection with local as well as military history. In a work of this character, where the history of the times is a more important element than the biography of the subject, some exaggeration of incident is permissible. Prof. Egleston has been very industrious in searching for mention of Gen. Paterson in orderly books, diaries, and newspapers; and this enables him to record much that is too trivial to find a place in a formal history, yet possessed of enough personal interest not to be entirely passed over. The value of the work has thus been greatly increased, and cannot be neglected by any historian of the Revolution. We note that two opinions of Paterson on military subjects, printed in Ford's 'Defences of Philadelphia,' have been overlooked. They are not very important, but more so than many records printed by Prof. Egleston. The name of Col. Webb suffers in the printing on pp. 138 and 140.

We find in the second volume of Mr. Wheelwright's 'Municipal Architecture in Boston' (Boston: Bates & Guild Co.) the excellences that we commended in our notice of the first. These more varied buildings show the same reserve in design, the same sense for proportion, the same adequate command of detail. Their publication ought to help spread the discovery, most important to American architecture, that the saving grace of even freely picturesque designing is just that control of proportion for which the study of the classic styles is the best schooling, and of which some of Mr. Wheelwright's smaller unclassic buildings are examples—the chapel at Austin Farm, for instance, and the Ashmont engine-house. But one feels a little as if he had met a princess riding an express-wagon when he sees the beautiful tower of the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena, belittled and punched full of holes, set up for a hose-tower against the headquarters of the Fire Department.

The object of 'Renaissance Masters,' by George B. Rose (Putnams), is "to give in a brief compass an insight into the essential characteristics of each of the masters treated," namely, Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Titian, Correggio, and Botticelli. There is, therefore, no biography, and no list of works, but a series of critical essays, sound enough in matter if somewhat vague and pompous in style. There is, so far as we can see, nothing original in the book, the best things in it being obvious dilutions of Berenson and others; but it may answer the purpose of a popularization of their opinions.

Mr. Andrew Lang condescends with difficulty to the infants whom he has annually entertained with parti-colored Fairy Books, in the preface and appendix and the rather pedantic divisions of 'The Nursery Rhyme Book' (Frederick Warne & Co.). However, his little public will take his total contents selectively, and will enjoy the most of Leslie Brooke's illustrations. Mr. Lang further presides this year over a selection from 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainments' (Longmans), made as unobjectionable as possible for the young. "The translations are by the writers of the tales in the Fairy Books, and the pictures are by Mr. Ford." Both these volumes are handsomely made.

No two children not of the same family or connection are likely to have been brought up on the same Nursery Rhymes or the same 'Arabian Nights' or the same 'Robinson Crusoe.' Still another version of the 'Nights' is published in London by Service & Paton (New York: Putnams), with clever illustrations by Fred. Pegram. Their 'Robinson Crusoe' appears to be the original unabridged, and is likewise, but less cleverly, illustrated by C. E. Brock. These books belong to a uniform series, cheap in price, yet very presentable.

The October Bulletin of the New York Public Library continues its calendar of the Emmet autographs. A letter from Benjamin Rush solves a question that has puzzled many skilled in Washingtoniana. The Corporation of Goldsmiths of Edinburgh gave to David Erskine, the Earl of Buchan, the freedom of the company, enclosed in a box made from the oak that sheltered William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. The "respectable curiosity," as the Earl called it, was in 1791 by him sent to Washington, expressing the wish that it might be a relic of long endurance in the United States. The box was brought over by Alexander Robertson, the miniature painter, and duly delivered to the President. Buchan had requested Washington on his death to pass it to "the man in my country who should appear to merit it best," a request imposing such a difficulty of choice that Washington, in his will, directed that it should be returned to the Earl or his descendants. Here the history of the box has ended, for all efforts to trace its return to Scotland have been unavailing. Rush explains the disappearance of it. "The box made of the tree which sheltered Wallace was stolen on the road, and he has vainly tried to recover it; he deeply regrets the loss of the gift." The letter was written in 1806, or seven years after the death of Washington. With Rush's known dislike of, and at times open hostility to, Washington, it would be interesting to know why he had been selected as the agent of delivery. There were others in this country who corresponded with the Earl.

Antarctic exploration is the exclusive subject of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October. A report of the meeting of the Royal Society in the early part of the year is prefaced by a plea for a British Antarctic expedition by Sir John Murray. After a caustic arraignment of the Government for its refusal to aid in this enterprise, and references to the German and Belgian expeditions and the "splendid explorations" of Alexander Agassiz, he asks for half a million dollars "for the purpose of organizing an Antarctic expedition to cooperate with the other expeditions that are preparing to set out in the year 1900." Then follows a history of Antarctic discovery, by W. A.

Taylor, with detailed accounts of voyages from Cook in 1773 to Ross in 1841, and a summary of our scientific knowledge of these regions. J. G. Bartholomew contributes a useful bibliography of Antarctic literature and cartography, and an admirable map with insets of Victoria and Graham Lands, and wind, temperature, and current charts.

In the current winter semester forty women (fourteen as matriculates and twenty-six as hearers) have been registered as students in the philosophical faculty of the University of Vienna. Numerous applications made by women from Russia and other foreign countries were rejected, because the applicants were not Austrian subjects, which is strenuously insisted upon as an essential condition.

Hitherto women desiring to study in German universities have generally been treated with remarkable politeness and consideration by the professors. Even the students most opposed to the innovation have as a rule forgotten to be "burschikos" in the presence of the ladies, and have behaved like perfect gentlemen. Lately, however, at the University of Munich, an American young lady, pursuing a course of study in classical art and archaeology, was using, with the consent of her instructors, the University Cabinet of Engravings in order to prepare her thesis. One day, when seated at a table absorbed in her work, she was accosted by Dr. Riehl, the director of the cabinet, who asked what she was doing there. She explained the reason of her presence, but nothing would appease the irate director, who declared that no woman should pursue her studies in any department under his control. One ground of his opposition was that theological students were studying in the same room and that her presence was offensive to them. These candidates for a celibate priesthood resented this imputation, declaring that Dr. Riehl was not authorized to make such a statement, and that they had never made and did not have the slightest objection to study in the same room or to attend lectures in the same auditory with a young lady, or any number of young ladies. The matter has been referred to the University Senate, and, if necessary, will be brought before the Minister of Public Instruction for adjudication. Heine, in his *Harzreise*, speaks of two kinds of German professors—*ordentlich* (orderly) and *unordentlich* (disorderly); and Dr. Riehl's conduct in this affair would seem to justify the classification.

Prof. Baron has bequeathed to the city of Berlin the sum of 470,000 marks (about \$177,500) to found an educational institution for children, in which they are to be reared on a strictly vegetarian diet. It is uncertain whether the Common Council will accept the bequest with this condition, as the members of the board are nearly equally divided in their views. Meanwhile, a vigorous discussion of the subject is being carried on between the vegetarians, who are very numerous and influential in Berlin, and their opponents, the former proposing to test the matter by a walking-match between vegetarian and meat-eating children.

A Philadelphia catalogue, whose compiler must have been more interested in current events than in his task, offers for sale "Intrigues of the Queen of Spain with McKinley, the Prince of Peace, Boston, 1899." How Godoy should become McKinley, or McKin-

ley should become the Prince of Peace, is a problem for psychologists.

"G. P." writes us, of Goethe's definition of the self-educated man, that it is not as comprehensive as Heine's. Goethe, in his "Narr auf eigene Hand," however, merely intended to satirize the hankering after originality. Heine's verses run as follows:

"Sie rühmten, dass er nie studiert
Auf Universitäten,
Und Bücher schrieb aus sich selbst heraus,
Ganz ohne Fakultäten.
Ja, seine ganze Ignoranz
Hat er sich selbst erworben;
Nicht fremde Bildung und Wissenschaft
Hat je sein Gemüth verderben."

—Apropos of the acorn of the Washington Oak at Peterhof, a correspondent writes:

"It was sent to the imperial palace, June 22, 1838, by George Sumner. No acorn ever shot up so soon into an oak. The originality of Sumner's act pleased Nicholas. The donor immediately received a note requesting his presence at the War Department, and was there informed of the Czar's gratification, and that the acorn 'had been planted near the Summer Palace, where it would be watched over with constant care.' He was further assured that every facility would be afforded him for visiting whatever he judged worth seeing, letters of introduction to all provincial governors, etc. An officer was sent to escort Mr. Sumner to the Palace, where he was received at a private interview by the Czar. The conversation was at first in French, but, English words being introduced, the Emperor said, 'Ah, you prefer English? I do not speak it well; I will call an interpreter'; and, leaving the room, he soon returned with the Empress and their two daughters, Marie and Olga. The ladies spoke English fluently, and a pleasant conversation followed. In 1866, officers of an American squadron encircled Sumner's oak, each plucking a leaf to carry home. Other leaves from it, brought to Boston in 1871 by the Grand Duke Alexis, were presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and are now among its jewels."

—Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, taking up the parable, supplies the following information:

"George Sumner did not return to America for fifteen years. The Czar recognized his exceptional ability, and, finding him anxious to see Russia, sent him to Moscow and the Black Sea, in a private equipage attended by an officer of the court. Everywhere he was received with interest and every door flew open. At Constantinople he parted with his Russian friend, but not till he had been presented to a group of Austrian noblemen then in the city. I dare not trust my memory to record all his marvellous adventures, but this was a happy introduction. George had already begun to support himself by contributions to magazines and newspapers. On reaching Vienna, he found the assistance of a young man attached to the court and of a Russian diplomat essential to his work. He was told that these two men were the most exclusive in Vienna, that it would be idle to seek an introduction. One day the two men were pointed out to him talking in the street. He immediately went up to them and presented a card to each. To the Russian, he said simply, 'At the Czar's request I have been a guest at your father's house'; then, turning to the Austrian, he added: 'I cannot be mistaken in you, sir. Your likeness to your father is too strong. I have just parted from him in Constantinople.' From this time his way was easy. He had dropped his sailor's garb and travelled as a gentleman of leisure. He will be long remembered by the antiquarians of this country for his researches at The Hague and at Leyden, where he finally established the burial-place of John Robinson. Paris became his headquarters. Thiers, De Tocqueville, and Humboldt were among his admirers. His extraordinary intelligence was directed to the study of languages, politics, and institutions—in short, towards all things of human interest. Not until 1852 did he yield to the entreaties of his brother Charles and return to the United States. Familiar with all the Eastern and North African states, he was at once offered by Mr. Marcy the position of Assistant Secretary of State. In

1847 he had distinguished himself at the meeting of the International Prison Association at Brussels. To a certain extent he was a philanthropist, but it needed the terrible assault of 1856 to make him an abolitionist, and he refused an appointment which would have brought him into opposition with his brother. Both were now distinguished the world over. In 1861 he was stricken with paralysis, and, after two years of great suffering, died on the 6th of October, 1863, at the Massachusetts General Hospital. His devotion to his brother during Charles's long illness probably interfered with his own career."

—We have received circulars offering a set of the 'Messages and Papers of the Presidents' in ten volumes, "printed from Government plates, and authorized by Congress." The price is \$2.40 a volume in cloth, and the subscriptions are to be made to Ainsworth R. Spofford, General Secretary "Committee on Distribution," but the office of the Treasurer, whose name is not given, is in New York city. We are willing to mention these circulars because they have awakened some curiosity on our part. In August, 1894, Congress passed a resolution providing for 6,000 copies of a complete compilation of Presidential messages, proclamations, and inaugural addresses, to be prepared under the direction of the joint committee on printing. The committee requested Mr. James D. Richardson, then a member of the House of Representatives and of the committee, to prepare and edit the compilation, giving him "full power and discretion to do this work for and on behalf of this committee." The evident meaning was that it was a compilation, authorized by Congress, and, therefore, to be a public document. All expenses of preparing and printing were paid by Congress out of the public moneys, and the volumes were to be apportioned among the members of both houses, as is usual with public documents. A second edition of 15,000 copies was ordered in May, 1896, and, it is supposed, was also allotted to members.

—The appearance of the books as a private venture is, therefore, peculiar, and a slight examination reveals other odd features. The first three volumes were printed without any modification of the original plan; but with the fourth the work is copyrighted by James D. Richardson. This notice of copyright appears in the edition distributed by members of Congress, and even in the sheep-bound volumes that are sent to the libraries. How could Mr. Richardson obtain a copyright on a compilation, avowedly a public document, and prepared at the public expense? Could the report on the *Maine* have been copyrighted, or could Mr. McKinley copyright his annual message to Congress? If this is so, there is a bonanza to be worked in this line by members of the two houses, by the side of which gambling in Sugar stock grows pale. Of course, the profits of the sale would be nil unless the free distribution by Congress was restricted and the Superintendent of Documents not supplied with any copies for sale. As a matter of fact, the Superintendent, in his list of public documents for sale, does not mention this set of volumes, and we must conclude that it can be obtained only from this "Committee on Distribution." Nor has he advertised its sale in any of his monthly lists. This is remarkable, for he is supposed to list all issues of the Government whether for sale or not. We have made an estimate of the cost of printing and binding a volume in cloth, and find it is under ninety cents a volume. As the Government charges

10 per cent. profit, the cost at the highest would be one dollar a volume. Yet the public are asked to pay \$2.40 a volume. Who pockets this money; and by what method has the public been deprived of a right to buy this public document through the ordinary channel? Who compose the "Committee on Distribution"?

—The *Atlantic* for November has a criticism of Carlyle, by Charles Townsend Copeland, intended to accompany the unpublished letters now appearing under his editorship in that magazine. It is called "Carlyle as a Letter-writer," and Mr. Copeland safely pronounces the author of "Sartor" "one of the most remarkable of English letter-writers." But the article is in reality something more than a criticism of him as a correspondent, and is marked by unusual acuteness as well as delicacy of expression. The tradition of letter-writing, as Mr. Copeland points out, from Pliny down, is that correspondence should entertain. Assume cheerfulness, if you have it not, is the first command. The common opinion is that women write better letters than men, being trained from childhood, in a variety of ways unknown to men, to adapt themselves to the entertainment of others. However this may be, Carlyle "is in blackest contrast to the genial tradition of letter-writing"; his only idea in writing a letter is to express in some way the feelings of which he is possessed, and which are mainly gloomy feelings. It is only in his most intimate letters—especially in those to his mother—that we catch a glimpse of a non-egotistic attitude, and Mr. Copeland very cleverly implies that Carlyle, throughout his life, outside the narrow circle of his own native Scotch fireside, either hated or despised. When he is not lamenting he is denouncing or vituperating, but this more or less stops when his thoughts turn homeward; there is no mistaking the contrast between tenderness and affection in the one direction and rancor in the other. When he writes to members of his family he sometimes almost attempts to be entertaining. It is no answer to all this to say that he had a great deal of humor. "Grim" and "farcical" humor Mr. Copeland concedes, but no vestige of good spirits. That people who heard him talk received a different impression does not matter; in conversation he could not help being entertaining. Leaving out lamentation and denunciation, Mr. Copeland attempts a list of things which did and of things which did not interest Carlyle, but when he comes to analyze the latter's beliefs, he is evidently baffled. Perhaps Mr. Copeland does not sufficiently discriminate between the young Carlyle, whose voice sounded to Lowell like a "bugle-call," and the Cheyne Row Jeremiah of a later period; but the subject is a mine which will not be exhausted in a long time. "Colonial Lessons of Alaska" is the title of a paper by David Starr Jordan, a writer who cannot be accused of a want of "Americanism." It is a shocking exposure of misgovernment, waste, inhumanity, and confusion. Briefly summed up, the showing is that we have held Alaska for thirty years as a colony, without making any progress in governing it. There is no head, no responsibility, and no system. No single person or even bureau is answerable for it. Some things, including the prohibitory system which does not prohibit, are looked after by the Treasury; other things are in the hands of the Fish Commission; certain duties fall to the army; the law of the Territory

is found in the Statutes of Oregon, while the land is under the control of the Interior Department. Jury trial flourishes, among a people who have not the least idea what it means, and the result of the whole is that the Territory is exploited by rich corporations and the laws are a dead letter.

—The *Century* opens with a novel literary venture—the first instalment of a *Life of Alexander the Great*, by Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell University. It is profusely illustrated, not only from coins and medallions, but by two or three modern artists, one of whom, A. Castaigne, gives a most impressive snap-shot view of Alexander in the act of taming Bucephalus. It is hard to improve on Plutarch, but Mr. Wheeler's idea evidently is that he is unnecessarily antique and simple. The first sentence is a striking comparison of the work of Alexander with that of Christ; the letter of Alexander to Aristotle on the publication of the acroamatic doctrines is remarked upon as presenting the son of Philip to us "as one of the earliest opponents of university extension"; and of the murder of Philip we learn that the "strained political situation" had a good deal to do with the matter, "as was the case with the assassin of President Garfield." When Alexander, in reply to the question whether he would be willing to compete in the Olympian games, says, "Yes, certainly, if I can have kings as antagonists," Mr. Wheeler wisely guards his audience against an odious surmise by declaring emphatically that "we should do Alexander great injustice if we interpreted this remark as monarchical snobbishness." Paul Leicester Ford begins a series of illustrated papers on "The Many-Sided Franklin," which promise to provide a good deal of entertainment; and Capt. Sigsbee begins his "Personal Narrative of the *Maine*," also illustrated, bringing us within a measurable distance of the explosion. A real contribution to literature is "Lowell's Impressions of Spain," from hitherto unpublished official dispatches, furnished, with a prefatory note, by Mr. A. A. Ade of the State Department. A characteristic observation—both for matter and manner—is that "the *empleomania* which is the dry-rot of Spain, as it threatens to become of the United States, supplies every leader with a momentarily devoted band of adherents, ready to transfer themselves at any moment to a more promising chief, as a cloud of gnats shifts indifferently from the head of one passer-by to that of another."

—In *Harper's* the best illustrated articles are: "Our Seaboard Islands on the Pacific," by John E. Bennett, and Frederic Remington's "With the Fifth Corps," a half-farcical report of the writer's adventures as a war-correspondent. His account of the strategy of the early movement from Siboney agrees with that of Richard Harding Davis. The troops "started for Santiago, apparently by individual intention"; they were not led but stopped by their general, who, discovering what they were about, sent a personal aid forward with positive orders to halt them. But for this, they would have continued to advance until they got into Santiago. Archibald R. Colquhoun, author of "China in Transformation," contributes a staggering paper on "Eastward Expansion of the United States." Expansionists and imperialists are a curious race, and in nothing more curious than in the rapidity of their descent from the general to the particular. Here are some of Mr. Colquhoun's premises: "The

world, as it now stands, is the result of human struggle, of racial competition carried on through countless ages." "The essential condition of international existence is rivalry—first in arms, then in arts, then in arms again." "One leading result of the secular struggle among the Western nations has been the gradual ascendancy of . . . as we may roughly call them, the blue-eyed races over the Celtic or Latin races." His conclusions are that the whole Anglo-Saxon world is in great danger from Russia, that the Pacific Ocean may, if we are not on our guard, become "a Russian lake," and the whole of Europe be "dominated," in which case "America and South Africa, in addition to Australasia, would, as a natural consequence, fall under the ascendancy of the Slav." The strangest part of it all is that maunderings like these get themselves published as if they were sober contributions to political discussion.

—In *Scribner's* Mr. C. D. Gibson's sketches (drawings without text) of New York life have been occupying lately a prominent place; we notice that in 1899 he is to give us the "Seven Ages of American Woman." Mr. Gibson's capacities as a draughtsman are so well known that it is unnecessary to draw attention to them; if we fail to find in these five night scenes of "a New York day" anything specially characteristic of New York, possibly it is because days all over the world are becoming more and more alike. Capt. F. E. Chadwick, commander of the *New York*, and chief of staff to Admiral Sampson, contributes a solid article on "The Navy in the War." His opinion is that our experience condemns the monitor class absolutely, except for harbor use. Their coal supply is limited, their speed is low, they are "hells of suffering to their crews," while the "rapid period of oscillation" makes accurate shooting from their gun platforms, unless the water is smooth, impossible. On the other hand, the large armored cruiser and the battle-ship increased their reputation. The *New York*, he thinks, "could easily keep the sea a month without coaling." With regard to the Spanish, Capt. Chadwick, who has seen something of Spain, remarks two peculiarities: first, he thinks their lack of administrative capacity is due partly to their being more or less Moorish; secondly, he notices that they are more prone in war to run away than to attack. An illustrated article on "The Woman's Paris," by Ada Cone, gives some account of matters which interest all women. The fact is commented on that the fashions sought for by Americans come from the so-called demi-monde (though the word is not very accurately used), and the curious remark is made that "in principle the American sees in Paris the French women of her own moral life in such attire as to pass unobserved, while the novelty and the style she has come to seek are the appanage of women whose life she looks upon with horror." In other words, nice women dress so as not to be conspicuous; others dress themselves so as to look like women who are not nice. "American women overdress," is another way of putting it.

—The second volume of the *Journal of Germanic Philology* (Ginn & Co.) starts out auspiciously with an addition to its corps of editors in the person of Prof. Camillo von Klenze of the University of Chicago, who will hereafter have comparative literature as his particular subject. The *Journal*, which appears quarterly, is now well and

thoroughly manned by specialists in their own field of research: Profs. Cook of Yale, for English; White of Cornell, for German literature; Hench of Michigan, for the grammar of the Germanic dialects; with Prof. Gustav E. Karsten of the University of Indiana, as general editor. The first number of the new volume thoroughly answers to the high standard set by its predecessor in its original articles, book reviews, and reports of foreign journals. In the scope and value of its original material, gleaned from the whole field of Germanics, and its whole scientific tone, the *Journal* is no whit behind the German publications of its class, several of which have welcomed it as a worthy accession to their ranks. The book reviews, in their turn, are sober, outspoken, and exhaustive, and contain, as they should to mete the full measure of their usefulness, a vast amount of constructive criticism. All this is a most hopeful sign of the reality of this branch of study in America. The table of contents in the first volume shows plainly, also, the extent of the dispersion of such studies among us, for nearly every prominent institution of learning is represented straight across the continent from California to Massachusetts. It is only to be hoped that the *Journal's* clientèle is as widespread, for the project is distinctly worthy of success. New features of the second volume will be the devotion of additional space to bibliography, which has thus far been no more than a record of publications received. The editors recognize the need of recording in particular all American publications relating to Germanics, as many such titles do not find their way into the European bibliographies. In special cases publications in preparation are also to be announced; and last, but not least, there is to be a detailed index of the first volume. The subscription price is three dollars a year, and copies of the first volume may still be had of the general editor.

—Mr. Henry Bradley carries on the letter G of the Oxford Dictionary (New York: Henry Frowde) from Gaincote to Germanizing, in the October issue. The rather curious assortment of vocables embraces a diversity of foot and leg gear—gaiters, galligaskins (*alla grechesca*), galoshes, gamashes, and gambadoes. In the *sh* of galosh we are bid recognize the Greek-Latin word for foot; in the fore part, the Greek for wood—resulting in a clog. Gamash, on the other hand, derives from a certain leather called after its Tripolitan place of manufacture, like Gamboge from Cambodia. Gambado, finally, is from the Italian *gamba*, leg; like Gambit, in chess, as if “a tripping up the heels (in wrestling),” or, in our slang phrase, “getting the leg over one.” Gallipot is plausibly identified with galley, and hence should be potterly imported from the Mediterranean in vessels of that description. Geneva, however (or Hollands Geneva, gin for short), is merely a corruption of juniper (Fr. *genièvre*). Caxton was the first to use Gallows in the singular, and Mr. Bradley thinks the plural (gallowses) under the ban and avoided as uncouth. Gas was proposed successfully by the Dutch scientist J. B. Van Helmont in 1652, in imitation of the Greek *gas*, which makes Gasometer a good formation; its slang use for wind and nonsense is first recorded in 1847. To Dickens's character invention we owe Gamp (a nurse, and an umbrella), along with Gampish and Gampishness. Lewis Carroll introduced at one

stroke both Chortle and Galumph. Garibaldi's costume lent his name to a blouse and to a hat, and British loyalty applied to a stuff the name (Galatea) of the Duke of Edinburgh's vessel in 1867. Gazette came, perhaps, from the Venetian coin (*gazetta*) paid for it or for the reading of it, and goes back to Venice and the middle of the sixteenth century, towards the end of which was evolved, by the Englishman L. Echard, *Gazetteer*, a “geographical index.” The Italians, going afield, borrowed Garble from the Arabic, which, in turn, possibly quarried from the late Latin.

—Mr. Bradley's conspectus under Gender is interesting. Under Genius he collects some of the most famous definitions, from Blair (first and perhaps best), in 1783, “Genius always imports something inventive or creative,” to Carlyle's sop to talent and industry, in 1858, “Genius . . . means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all,” and Froude's likening it in 1883 to an inexhaustible spring. This sense of the word was developed in the eighteenth century; Dr. Johnson did not recognize it. For the Germanic use of Genial to signify ‘pertaining to genius,’ Carlyle is first cited and in translation (1825), but Coleridge exhibits it already in 1817 in his ‘*Biographia Literaria*’—near the beginning of chapter xi., advising “every scholar who feels the genial power working within him” to make a division, if possible, between his talents and his genius, for subsistence and for recreation respectively. Our lexicographer suggests that “in the later echoes of Milton's phrase *genial spirits*,” cheery or kindly may be intended, and cites Coleridge, “My genial spirits fail,” in his ode, “Dejection.” This piece postdates the poet's sojourn in Germany, and, as if in reflex commentary on genial in the third stanza, in the sixth he says:

“Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.”

—that inventive and creative faculty which is allied to genius. The verb Gamble crops up only in 1775-'86, after Gambler and Gambling (ppl.) were in vogue as slang. Our slang attributive “common or garden” receives in this Dictionary 1892 as its approximate jocular date; but it is curious that “the common or garden nightshade” occurs in a work, ‘*Adam in Eden*,’ of 1657. We remark that Garden-party has here a rubric of its own; yet in all the citations is unhyphenated except when the phrase is used attributively, and not always then. In closing, we are glad to produce our hearty Americanism, a Gale of laughter.

MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau. By P. F. Willert, M.A. Macmillan Co. 1898. Pp. xi and 230.

The series of lives of eminent foreign statesmen to which Mr. Willert's excellent biography of Mirabeau belongs, is “limited to a selection from those who have exercised a commanding influence on the general course of European affairs and impressed their memory deeply on the minds of men.” These words accurately describe almost all the leaders of men whose achievements are recorded in the lives edited by Prof. Bury. They apply with appropriateness to Richelieu, to Philip Augustus, to Charles the Great, to Louis XI., to Louis XIV., and to Cavour; for who can doubt that each of these men

vitaly affected the course of European history? But does the description which covers well enough the heroes of the nations whose names have been just enumerated, fairly include Mirabeau? He “impressed his memory deeply on the minds of men.” For a moment—if we measure periods by the standard of history, it was scarcely more than a moment—he was the foremost man of France. At a crisis which appeared to be a turning-point in the annals, not only of France, but of Europe, he came or was forced to the front. Whether, indeed, he has impressed himself on the memory of ordinary Frenchmen may be doubtful; not one peasant remembers Mirabeau for a hundred peasants who thrill with emotion at the name of Napoleon; but Mirabeau at any rate impressed himself on the imagination of Frenchmen of letters. He was himself no less a writer than an orator. The wildness of his character and the eccentricity of his genius, the very vices which hindered his achieving any lasting political triumph, have endeared him to biographers and historians. His death, too, was for his reputation the most fortunate circumstance in his career. His genius sank below the horizon just when it was possible to imagine that it might have supplied the light which should guide France through the dark and endless labyrinth of her revolutionary history.

But if Mirabeau has impressed his memory on the minds of men, can it be said that he exercised a commanding influence on the general course of European affairs? In plain truth, this is the problem raised by his whole career. Every reader of Mr. Willert's monograph seeks a reply to it. The problem resolves itself into two questions. The first is, Did Mirabeau exercise a commanding influence on the course of European affairs? The second is, Why was Mirabeau's influence in any case far below what might have been expected both from his talents and from his fame?

The more carefully a student weighs the results of Mr. Willert's elaborate and impartial estimate of his hero, the more certainly will he arrive at the conclusion that our first inquiry must receive a negative answer. Look at Mirabeau as a statesman; compare him with Louis XI., with William the Silent, or with Cavour, and you must without hesitation admit that he does not stand in the same line with the men who, by force whether of statecraft or of patriotism, have in fact guided or controlled the course of the world's history. Louis XI. practically laid the foundations of the French monarchy, for if he did not exactly found the monarchy, he certainly insured that it should be for centuries the predominant force in determining the development of France. William the Silent created the Dutch Republic; he dealt a fatal blow at the power of Spain; he established, for the first time in the history of Europe, a state which should maintain the practice of toleration; it is hardly too much to say that the labors of William the Silent revealed to the world the possibility of at once maintaining orderly government and allowing freedom of thought and freedom of discussion. We live too near the days of Cavour to know how long his work will stand the test of time. Thus much, however, is certain: the policy of Cavour has freed Italy from the rule of foreigners, and has given to Italians the opportunity of proving that a united Italy can take a leading part

in the development of European civilization.

But what has been the permanent result achieved by Mirabeau's genius? At a critical moment, which arrested the attention of the civilized world, he was the spokesman of France. His speeches and his writings show also that he did at times see more clearly than most men of his generation what were the real needs of his country. He was no doctrinaire such as Lafayette; he never for a moment forgot that, in carrying through a revolution, action was infinitely more important than the enunciation of high-sounding principles. He knew that France was surrounded by perils; he fully realized the fact, which has been constantly forgotten by constitutionalists and by Republicans, that Frenchmen need and like a strong government; he also perceived that the Revolution, which was really directed against the privileges of the aristocracy, might by wise statesmanship be turned to the advantage of the monarchy. He had not the remotest belief in a republic of all the virtues; he was not a fool or a fanatic who could dream that a Reign of Terror could be the prelude to the foundation of an enlightened commonwealth. We may safely conjecture that, if he had lived two or three years longer, he would have detested Robespierre and despised the virtuous Roland. Let all this be granted; let it be conceded (though this is not absolutely proved) that Mirabeau possessed all the insight or foresight ascribed to him by his admirers, the question still remains, What did he achieve?

One of the most noticeable points of his whole career is that, in spite of all his genius, he never in reality induced other men to follow his lead. He tried to enter into some kind of coalition with Necker and with Lafayette. The only result was that he offended both the Swiss banker and the popular general. Necker and Lafayette were, it may be said, prigs, and betrayed their supreme incompetence when they rejected the advances of Mirabeau. So be it. But a statesman should know how to manage prigs and bores; and in this elementary piece of statecraft Mirabeau was deficient. His extraordinary oratorical gifts ought to have made him the leader of the Assembly. Oratory far inferior to the eloquence of Mirabeau made Lamartine for a time, however short, the leading man in France; and the rhetorical persuasiveness of Thiers made him the most powerful of citizens, in spite of the suspicions of reactionists who saw that he was laying the foundations of the republic, and the hatred of revolutionists who never forgave the slaughter of the Communards. Mirabeau spoke, thundered, was applauded—and failed to persuade. When he proposed that Ministers should be allowed to sit in the National Assembly, he knew, and his friends and opponents knew, that his whole policy was at stake; he exerted all his powers; he was hopelessly defeated. He turned from the Assembly to the Court. That he was captivated by the charms of the Queen is the idlest of all fancies—there is no trace in his life of special admiration for Marie Antoinette. What is certain is, that he obtained no influence over her. She was, to speak plainly, a rather commonplace woman who could suffer with dignity, but who neither recognized greatness nor valued it. The result was exactly what might have been foretold. Mirabeau took the money of

the Court, the Court did not take the advice of Mirabeau.

His life, fortunately for his fame, was cut suddenly short. All men felt that a power had passed from the earth, and what all men felt we may feel pretty sure was in a sense true; but there is no reason whatever, if you look either at Mirabeau's actual career or at the course of events after his death, to believe that, had he lived longer, constant failure would have been succeeded by statesmanlike success. It is, of course, just possible that the retirement of the Court from Paris might, under Mirabeau's advice, have been executed in a manner very different from the flight to Varennes. It is just conceivable, therefore, that the Revolution might have taken the form of civil war, and the King might have tried the chances of armed conflict. But even had this happened, the event would have depended upon the military skill of a general and not upon the statesmanship of Mirabeau. But the supposition that Mirabeau would have influenced the conduct of the Court is gratuitous; he never obtained the confidence which would have enabled him to guide the acts either of the King or the Queen. He was never trusted by the mob, he never was (except for moments) the real master of the Assembly. Whether any man whatever could, when under the necessity of overcoming the King's feebleness and the Queen's caprices, have stemmed or guided the revolutionary movement, is an open question. What is all but certain to any one who reflects on Mirabeau's career is, that he was not the man to achieve, the task. Had he lived a year or two longer, his fate would have been the same as the fate of Danton. He would have been the victim of fanatics not endowed with any of his genius or with a single touch of his magnanimity.

What, then, were the causes which deprived Mirabeau of influence over his contemporaries? The answer is not hard to find if the inquirer will free himself from the glamour of Mirabeau's reputation. The first cause of his failure was patent to Mirabeau no less than to his critics. To say he lacked "character" is to state the matter far too mildly—his reputation was infamous. He had, before he came to the front, shocked all the moral principles or prejudices of a generation who certainly were not over-strict in their ethical requirements. He was known to be, or was supposed to be, a man who not only had outraged the decencies of private life, but was ready to carry his venal talents to the best market and sell them to the highest bidder. Nor is it easy, now that we know what were his relations with the Court, to maintain that the popular estimate of Mirabeau was erroneous. His apologists suggest that though he took bribes, he always advised the policy which in his heart he believed to be for the good of the country. His actual corruption is, however, certain; the integrity of his advice is nothing better than a dubious hypothesis. If, moreover, his counsels were patriotic, his readiness to take and spend the degrading subsidies offered him by the Court proves that he was willing to sacrifice, for the sake of immediate enjoyment, every chance of carrying his policy into effect. It was impossible that the King should respect or even fear the man whom he knew to be a hireling. Mirabeau has, in point of character, or

want of character, been compared to Wilkes. The comparison does injustice to the English demagogue. Wilkes's private life was discreditable; he was a libertine and the associate of libertines; his public life showed that he was nothing better than the reckless mouthpiece of faction; and Wilkes, because of his vices, never exerted the authority due to his talents. But Wilkes, after all, was a man of sound sense. He never had the folly to suppose that he could remain a popular leader and at the same time take bribes from George III. Still less did he delude himself with the idea that George would accept as his trusted counselor a man who, while playing the demagogue, kept the bailiffs from the door by means of bribes received from the Crown.

Here we come across the second and the most potent cause of Mirabeau's failure. He lacked all self-control. There have been statesmen as corrupt and as reckless as Mirabeau who have yet determined the destinies of nations. It would be easy for a moralist or an historian to maintain the thesis that Napoleon was, if judged by any ethical standard, open to severer condemnation than the great French orator. Napoleon was at no time troubled by scruples. We may feel pretty sure that, at any moment of his career, he would have joined the party or adopted the cause which promised most gratification to his ambition. There was about Napoleon, too, a touch of almost inhuman—his enemies would say devilish—indifference to human suffering. But Napoleon, from his earliest youth, displayed a kind of self-control which is essential to great statesmanship and is always found in men of great and lasting ambition. Towards the end of his career his head was turned by his success, and at all times he may have been more or less the victim of his imagination; but though he framed schemes too grandiose to be accomplished, he never sacrificed his policy to his immediate pleasures. His heart may have been bad, but his head always remained clear, and his will always retained its strength. With Mirabeau the immediate satisfaction of his passions overruled the dictates of his judgment.

Mr. Willert's work further suggests, though it does not prove, that Mirabeau's career was marred by certain defects of political judgment. It is impossible, indeed, to deny that in some points he showed remarkable insight into the needs of the day. He perceived that the King must either be the victim or the leader of the Revolution, and that a King differently constituted from Louis XVI. might easily have led the attack on the privileges of the nobility, and thereby have saved if not increased the authority of the Crown. He understood better than did most of his contemporaries the real working of popular government. His doctrine that a Ministry of Jacobins need not be a Jacobin Ministry did not find acceptance with any party in France, but it is a truth which ought never to be forgotten by any Parliamentary statesman. But when we turn our eyes away from Mirabeau's extraordinary flashes of insight, and inquire whether, at the time of his death, he had in his own mind worked out any consistent scheme of policy which ought to be adopted by the Court, it becomes extremely difficult to determine what should be our answer. In this point we take Mr. Willert as our guide, and he certainly implies that Mirabeau's views were wavering, undefined, and inconsistent. His plan, for example, for

creating a healthy public opinion by means of bribery and corruption was, to say the least, impracticable, and might almost be termed absurd. It must, indeed, be remembered that Mirabeau was hampered even in the counsels that he gave by the timidity and the stupidity of the Court. But, when this is allowed for, it must be conceded that the schemes he proposed were neither simple nor consistent. We may imagine that his one essential policy was the expediency of making Mirabeau for the time dictator, and this policy might possibly have achieved success. It is just conceivable that, if Louis XVI. had trusted Mirabeau as Victor Emanuel trusted Cavour, or as the first German Emperor trusted Bismarck, the whole course of French history might have been changed, and Louis might have left behind him the reputation of the greatest of French monarchs. This is, at any rate, conceivable; though it is difficult to believe that the excesses of the Paris mob could have been checked by any leader who was not a great soldier. The admirers of Mirabeau may please themselves with dreams of what he might have achieved. An impartial critic who turns his eyes away from fascinating speculations as to what might have been, and looks only at the actual course of events, will conclude that Mirabeau's genius in fact effected nothing, and that his failure to become the guide of his nation was due to the inherent defects of his character.

A HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

A History of Spanish Literature. By James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, correspondiente de la real Academia española. D. Appleton & Co. 1898. 12mo, pp. vii., 423. [Short Histories of the Literatures of the World. Edited by Edmund Gosse.]

To an author on whom has been devolved the soul-trying task of compressing into a small manual the history of a great literature, every consideration of justice and humanity is unquestionably due. It is accordingly a satisfaction to begin the present notice at the end, by saying at the outset that, all things considered, this is a better and a wiser book than might be inferred from the first impression it is likely to produce, whether on the critic or the general reader. Perhaps no one but the responsible proofreader of a great publishing house is in a position fully to appreciate how much of the first fine effect of a work of scholarship must depend upon the keenly scrupulous, ultimate (and not merely penultimate) elimination from its make-up of the last lurking, elusive half-score of inaccuracies and inconsistencies of typography or infelicities of expression. In the book before us, it must be admitted that the sharp edge of the reader's enjoyment is not a little turned by a series of inadvertences, too trivial, perhaps, for enumeration, yet altogether worthy of disappearing from any subsequent edition of the work. Thus, for illustration, the assonantic *Inscriptionum Latinorum* of p. 8, and the slightly mystifying Latin verse of p. 188.

"El lingua perges alterna pangere versus,"

have not set the printer sufficiently on his guard against the double *Escándolo* of p. 381, nor the *Gonzolera* of p. 389. Other such casualties are the unsavory Tom of Carrión (for Tob, p. 16); *Maria* for *María* (p. 22); *aparscerán* (p. 57); and "he commits an

acrostic as the word Maria" (p. 70). Yet pure mishaps are less conspicuous than is the author's own vacillation in regard to the forms of proper names. Thus, while Seville is always made to do duty for Sevilla, Saragossa has no *droit de cité* that Zaragoza is bound to respect, nor may Cordova stand surety for Córdoba, nor Andalusia for Andalucía. As for Andalusian, the unsophisticated reader is left to his own preference between the Andalusian of p. 23 and the Andalusian of p. 179. Names of persons fare even more unevenly. Of famous doctors that "disagree," the *Doctor illuminatus* who figures at p. 82 as Ramón Lull, has already made his bow to us on p. 72 as Raimond Lull, while the "Ecstatic Doctor," San Juan de la Cruz of p. 198, reappears only in the English garb of St. John of the Cross, and the familiar Bernardo del Carpio of p. 35 is everywhere else only plain Bernardo de Carpio. As far as the translating of proper names is concerned, Alfonso el Sabio is always Alfonso the Learned; then why should not Don Juan de Austria be Don John of Austria, and why should Charles I. of Spain, who was the German Emperor Charles V., be always designated, in an English book, as "Carlos Quinto"? Fortunately, *Don Quixote* (Heaven bless him!) is still left to us as *Quixote*.

As to the innumerable titles of Spanish works mentioned in the text, what may well have been a publisher's behest called for their translation (in parenthesis) into English. Hence we have *Arte de trobar* (Art of Poetry), *Lágrimas de Angélica* (Tears of Angelica), *A Cristo Crucificado* (To Christ Crucified), *Libros del Saber de Astronomía* (Books on the Science of Astronomy). Even under bonds and penalties, no self-respecting writer could go on indefinitely freighting his pages with such unnecessary baggage, so that the rule is soon relaxed, and presently we find some titles given only in Spanish, some only in English, while occasionally both methods occur in combination ("the *Revelation of a Hermit* and the *Danza de la Muerte*").

Passing from these mere accidents of bookmaking to consider the tone and spirit of the composition, we shall do well to recognize that the author has preferred to adopt, for the furtherance of his purpose, the familiar freedom of a succession of *causeries* on Spanish literature, rather than the measured and judicial impersonality of a standard treatise. The reader may even flatter himself, from time to time, that he is being admitted to that still closer intimacy and more jovial fellowship which is suggestive of visions of mahogany and aromas of Cathay. How else shall we interpret the spirit of a mentor who invites us into the sanctum of his personality by declaring, as of Juan de la Cruz's doctrine "By contemplation man may become incorporated with the Deity," that "this is a hard saying for some of us, not least to the present writer"? or who, in pure exuberance of irresponsibility for the sedateness of his style, rollickingly refers to various literary borrowings as cases of "lifting" (p. 85), "annexing" (pp. 40, 123), or "conveying" (p. 141). While conscious of his dignity for a moment, in the preface, our author explains to us, in becoming soberness, that "excessive patriotism leads men of all nations to magnify their literary history," but his more natural "table-talk" equivalent of this sentiment comes upon us later, in the body

of the work, in the words: "Like the auctioneer in *Middlemarch*, patriots 'talk wild': as Amador de los Rios in his monumental fragment; and the Comte de Puymaigre in his essays." Two pages further on we are told that "Sordello is a mere bilk and black-mailer with the gift of song. Among French [*i. e.*, Provençal] minstrels traversing Spain are Père [curious blunder for Peire = Pierre] Vidal, . . . and Guirauld de Calanson, who lickspittles the name of Pedro II. of Aragón, . . . and later on there comes a crowd of singing-quacks and booth-spouters." On p. 77, the Archpriest of Hita is "a fellow of parts," as is also Montoro, not many pages after.

When occasion calls for answers to important literary questions, we must not look for guidance too explicit. Twice within a range of ten pages the relations of the 'Cid' to the 'Roland' are discussed, and it may be not uninteresting, for the purpose of comparison, to place the two passages in question side by side:

(P. 40.) "While we admit that the *Poema del Cid* and the *Chanson de Roland* belong to the same genre, we can go no further. It is not to be assumed that similarity of incident necessarily implies direct imitation; . . . and if we take account of the chances of coincidence, the debt of Castilian to French literature will appear in its true perspective."

(P. 49.) "In the *Poema*, the treatment is obviously modelled upon the *Chanson de Roland*. . . . The machinery in both cases is very similar. As the archangel Gabriel appears to Charlemagne, he appears likewise to the Cid Campeador. Bishop Turpin opens the battle in *Roland*, and Bishop Jerome heads the charge for Spain. Roland and Ruy Diaz are absolved and exhorted to the same effect, and the resemblance of the epithet *curuneez* applied to the French Bishop is too close to the *coronado* of the Spaniard to be accidental."

Without attempting a general reconciliation of these views, it may be remarked that there is, perhaps, little significance in the fact of the two Bishops being *toursured*.

It is time to give some intimation of the real merit of this history—its readability. If the one excuse-for-being of such a book is to get itself read, and if the one almost unfailing mark of most such books is that the best-intentioned human nature finds it impossible to read them, then it is a subject of no small congratulation to would-be students of Spanish literary history that they have here a handbook actually capable of being read with zest. It is accompanied, moreover, by a bibliography to the successive chapters which will be found sufficient for all ordinary needs. Considering how excellent and how easy of access are the standard works on Spain's golden age, and how welcome would have been an adequate treatment of contemporary Spanish literature, especially in the domain of fiction, it is to be regretted that the editor of the series and the author of the present study could not have agreed to fling to the winds, for the nonce, all abstract notions of proportion, and so have utilized this opportunity to tell the English-speaking world all it would so much like, at the present moment, to know of the Spanish literature of yesterday and of today.

The Art of Taxidermy. By John Rowley. D. Appleton & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. xii, 244, pl. 20, figs. 59.

Though this work well represents the advance made in the art of taxidermy, it is not likely to supersede all others relating to the

same subject. Some of these, like Hornaday's, are too good to be easily displaced, even by a better one; and taxidermists, as a rule, are very conservative, each preferring his own methods, besides being extremely jealous of one another. The latter trait is a relic of the times (not very long ago, for we remember them well) when the "bird-stuffer" was an odd fish who guarded the tricks of his trade like a patent-medicine man, and made people pay to see his hocus-pocus. Taxidermy, as one of the liberal, if not also of the fine arts, may be said to have begun in this country about twenty years ago at the natural-history establishment of Henry A. Ward in Rochester, N. Y. There were graduated in this school of experience the best workmen—or, shall we say, artists?—such as Mr. W. T. Hornaday, to whose work we have just referred, the late Jenness Richardson of the American Museum in Central Park, and our author himself. Such men readily secured positions where commercial considerations were not hampering; they could take their time to study and experiment, and consequently reached a degree of skill before unattainable. The advance is probably less marked in the mounting of birds than of large mammals, the processes for which latter may almost be said to have had their origin within the period we have mentioned, so different are they from what they once were.

We have seen an old-fashioned taxidermist mount a deer on a piece of board chopped out for a centre piece, with four iron rods for legs, throwing the skin over this rude frame, stuffing it out with loose tow, and sewing along the seams as he advanced. Great progress was made when this rude framework was replaced by a more or less elaborate mannikin made of excelsior with clay surface moulding, as was done by Hornaday and many of his school. To great industry Mr. Rowley seems to have added originality, and the results of his methods have never been surpassed, at least in so far as large mammals are concerned. He uses a wire model covered with a plastic composition which can be moulded to the utmost nicety of contour, and then sets like stone. Over this is fitted the skin like a glove, with no danger of subsequent shrinkage, distortion, and seam-splitting. The skin itself is suited to this end by being tanned rather than pickled, and very carefully fleshed, with various good results, among which are the freshness of the pelage, unaltered by immersion in any preservative fluid.

In such hands as Mr. Rowley's, taxidermy may be said to approach the art of the sculptor, and we do not know that we should not add that of the painter also. All its processes are very fully yet concisely set forth in the present volume. The author sticks to his text, writes plainly, and avoids all extraneous matter. His book opens with instructions for collecting specimens of natural history; passes on to the tools and materials used in taxidermy; has a chapter on moulding, chapters respectively upon the specialties concerned in mounting birds, mammals, reptiles, fishes, and certain invertebrates, one on skeletonizing, and an extremely good one on those finishing touches of all good work, namely, the grouping of the objects artistically in their natural surroundings, modelling of flowers, foliage, and like accessories—in fine, the framing what one need not hesitate to call a work of art. An appendix gives a list of reliable dealers in taxidermists' supplies, and the book is indexed. The numerous

illustrations are in part from original photographs by the author, in part the work of Mr. Charles R. Knight and Mr. Ernest W. Smith. It is a first-rate text-book, to be commended and recommended without reserve.

A Century of French Fiction. By Benjamin W. Wells. Dodd, Mead & Co. 8vo, pp. 396.

Nothing could indicate more distinctly the important place occupied in our days by the writing and reading of fiction than the appearance of such a volume as this—by a Ph.D. That a professor should have found it worth while to read 688 novels by 115 authors, and those not of all time, but of only the last hundred years, and not of all countries, but of France alone, seems at first surprising; but one soon recognizes that it was in the line not merely of his professional work, but of his philosophical thought, such as it is.

How many of these works he would advise others to read is another story; but, broadly stated, the purpose of his book is to show the point of view from which each of the novels he considers should be read, if read at all. He seeks, he says, not to retell stories, but to convey impressions; yet it may be feared that sometimes his description of stories may induce those to read them who had better not. If he had been content not to pass judgment on the specific value of the works he notes, but to set forth their mutual relations and their affiliations, to show the course of development in France of this kind of literature, and in so doing to show the connection between the successive political conditions of France and the successive groups of her novelists, his book would have had more value than it now possesses.

We personify the centuries, and are foolish enough to talk of "le fin de siècle" as if it were the old age of a period; and consequently there seems a certain felicity when fate assigns the appearance of what we are pleased to call an "epoch-making" work to a sharply defined date. The manifesto of the classical school in France was issued in the very middle of the sixteenth century, and our own romantic age opens with the publication of Chateaubriand's *Le Génie du Christianisme* and his novels and those of Mme. de Staël in the first and second years of the nineteenth century. It would, of course, have been outside the *cadre* Prof. Wells assigned to his work, to have dwelt on Rousseau's influence upon Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël, but, in his necessary references to Jean Jacques and to Bernardin de St. Pierre, it may be questioned whether he even implies the essential connection between all these great writers.

After we are started in our own century, we go smoothly on from one to another of our 115 authors, receiving some excellent though too hurried impressions, and we are not very often inclined to question the reliability of our guide. If one likes to be a "Cook's tourist" in the world of literature, we commend to him this volume. The contrast its method and style offer to the solid and invaluable *Manuel* just published by M. Brunetière, is perhaps suggestive. The one assists the student in avoiding study; the other assists him in pursuing it.

Horace: Odes and Epodes. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Paul Shorey, Ph.D. Boston: B. H. Sanborn & Co.

There must assuredly be, among teachers of the classics in America, a growing conviction that some special effort must be made if Greek and Latin are to retain the place worthy of them in the college course. Perhaps the simplest and most direct way of maintaining the classics would be to make them attractive in the first stages, and there is no surer method of making Greek and Latin literature interesting than by bringing it in touch, in the student's mind, with the best that has been written in other languages. It is because they imply the "humaner letters" (to use the Oxford phrase)—the humanities—that Greek and Latin should claim an unassailable place and dignity. They have inspired the best literature of all nations, and, without their aid, the greater part of those literary masterpieces that have done most to widen the sphere of human sensibilities remain a fountain sealed. Unhappily, the day is past when Dr. Johnson could say of Greek that "every man gets as much of it as he can"; the modern aim being, rather, to do with as little of it as may be. This is a fact which it is useless to ignore. The only hope for the classics, in these hurrying days, lies in one's insistence on their attractiveness, their supreme importance for the appreciation of literature. There will always be a few—*quos aequus amavit Jupiter*—who will push on to the heights of complete scholarship; but the crying need today is what will meet the wants of those who, without being classical specialists, feel vaguely that their college course ought to give them something of the point of view of the English type of literary man, with his easy use of classical ornament and allusion. This is a type which the American system of education does not foster. Moreover, there is no royal road to the point of view of the men who quoted Horace and Virgil in the House of Commons, or solaced their evenings, like Matthew Arnold, with the *Odyssey*, or enriched every page with the perfume of antiquity, like Sainte-Beuve. But there is no reason why the approaches to classical study should be made forbidding. In these degenerate days, if the student is not interested, he does not, like Byron, pass through the mill as a matter of course; if he "hates Horace" he can, with facetious and rejoicing ignorance, elect history. Let classical teachers look to it.

We cannot recall an edition of Horace that so successfully meets the need we have indicated as that of Prof. Shorey. In most previous English or American editions of Horace, editors contented themselves with illustrations from other classical authors, and practically ignored the whole body of English and French literature. A good instance is the Clarendon Press edition of Wickham, whose commentary, of about the same length as that before us, is excellent, is scholarly, and has no literary interest whatever. The quoting of parallel passages can, of course, be overdone; here and there the young scholar may feel embarrassed by the riches amassed in Prof. Shorey's wide reading. But neither he nor his teacher can fail to be stimulated as he looks through the apt quotations, which range from Spenser to Swinburne, Rossetti, and Kipling, or to feel that Horace is no musty classic, but a poet whom English poets have delighted to echo. To take a single example. To illustrate

the seventh and eighth lines of the famous Eleventh Ode in the First Book—the immortal *carpe diem* passage—Wickham furnished three quotations, all from Latin poets. Prof. Shorey quotes, in addition, Cowley, Longfellow, Boileau, Milton, FitzGerald, Tennyson, Trevelyan, Euripides, Ecclesiastical, and Lamartine. Moreover, he makes the beautiful choriambic metre of the Ode intelligible at a glance by the help of Swinburne's choriambics, through which the student cannot fail to catch the correct swing of the rarely used metre.

The literary character of Prof. Shorey's treatment, and the small stress laid on variant readings, may seem frivolous to scholars of the old-fashioned school. They will be "amazed at what he means." They may fairly be challenged to make Horace as attractive by their own methods. The book suffers, naturally, from condensation. We should have liked a further discussion and a reasoned statement of the editor's preferences in some disputed passages; the introduction, with its analysis of Horace's style and illustrations of the poverty of the Latin tongue even when handled by Horace, might well have been expanded; but with these slight reservations we welcome this effort to rescue Horace for literary study in an illiterate age.

We have noted only two slips in the proof-reading: P. 143, for Epod. 2.31 read 32; p. 146, for Od. 4, 2, 6, read 7.

Points in Minor Tactics. By Charles Albert Smylie, Captain, 12th Infantry, N. G., N. Y. D. Appleton & Co. 1898.

This work has been compiled from the best American and foreign text-books for the use of the infantry of the National Guard, of which the author has been an active member for some years in one of the best New York regiments. It is intended, he says, as a sequel to the drill regulations and guard manual, and to explain to our citizen soldiery some of their duties when "soldiering in earnest." This soldiering was not in sight when the work was composed and put to press, for publication took place before the blowing up of the *Maine*, the *belli terribilis causa*. The experience of the last six months has resulted in a pretty complete disorganization of the National Guard in many States; and to the lack of discipline and the ignorance and incapacity of men and officers alike must be laid much

of the suffering and loss of the past summer.

We are told by those who would make this nation a great military power, that the State troops are to be put under the immediate control of the Federal Government—if the Constitution permits; and a bill for so reorganizing the naval militia lies, completed, upon the desk of Secretary Long, awaiting the opening of Congress. We are informed by those who, like Capt. Smylie, hold that the National Guard is "primarily intended to act against an external enemy," that the troops should now be equipped, drilled, manoeuvred, and officered so that at the outbreak of the next war "for humanity" they may be nearly as skilled in killing as the regulars themselves. If such is to be the case, then books like Capt. Smylie's are sure of a wide circulation and constant use. If, on the other hand, we continue to regard our national and State troops as simply police forces to uphold the laws, advanced military text-books should have little or no place in our State armories and camps. With no heavier expenditure than in the past, the National Guard can be rendered vastly more effective by merely placing in positions of trust not political appointees, but trained and enthusiastic regular officers, and by holding them strictly responsible for the effectiveness of their commands. Under wise leaders the time at present frittered away by the National Guard would be devoted to mastering the a, b, c of the military art, all-sufficient for the needs of State troops. Officers and men should learn nothing that they cannot perfect themselves in, undertake no evolution that they cannot completely master, and carry out no order without a high sense of the importance of obeying it with spirit and exactness. This, with the knowledge how to keep one's self and one's comrades clean, needs no imperialism to stimulate it and no advanced text-books of any kind.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Evelyn. *Hellenica*. A Collection of Essays on Greek Poetry, Philosophy, History, and Religion. 2d ed. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.
Atherton, Gertrude. *The Valiant Runaways*. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bailey, Prof. M. A. *American Elementary Arithmetic*. American Book Co.
Banks, Rev. L. A. *Immortal Songs of Camp and Field*. Illustrated. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co. \$3.
Chase, Jessie A. *Three Freshmen—Ruth, Fran and Nathalie*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.
Clark, Rev. F. E. *The Everlasting Arms*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Davis, Minnie S. *Ideal Motherhood*. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
De Kay, Charles. *Bird Gods*. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Emma Willard and her Pupils; or, Fifty Years of Troy Female Seminary. American Tract Society. \$3.50.
Finley, Martha. *Elsie on the Hudson and Elsewhere*. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
Fuller, G. W. *Water Purification at Louisville*. D. Van Nostrand Co. \$10.
Godfrey, Elizabeth. *Poor Human Nature*. A Musical Novel. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.
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